

May 14 1923

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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Erich Mendelsohn, Architect.

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Vol. LIII

May 1923

No. 318

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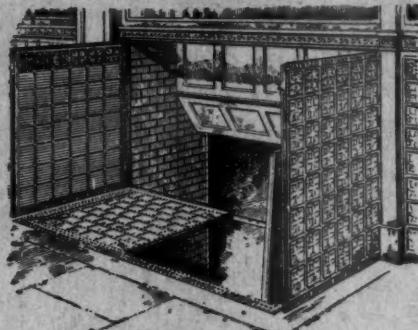
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RANDOM IDYLLS.



Plate I.

POOL OF LONDON.

Photo: Walter Benington.

May 1923.

Random Idylls : Pool of London.

HERE is a balcony I know which stands with its ankles in the Thames and looks out over all the Pool of London. It is delightful to sit here on a summer's day and see the kiddies straggling down from the hot streets behind, to get rid for some minutes of ragged shirt and trousers and run and shout and swim—little naked bodies in the sun. Clothed, they are dingy and verminous urchins : stripped, they are God's creatures once again, with their straight, lithe legs, round buttocks and a tadpole's limber agility.

Behind, the narrow cobbled street is half in shadow. Torn paper lies in the kennel : a packet of confetti, fragments of the Football Star, old matchboxes, stalks of straw drift up the lane, and are shepherded by the wind at the corner. The street is full of quiet noises, like a poultry-run. Infants complain, mothers cluck like hens; hard-bitten men, with shaven head and blue-scarfed neck, murmur by the wharf. The windows over the way are opened, and I now see, what I had not known before, that the ivy-pattern blinds of the house opposite, that hang so neatly halfway down the windows, are a square yard of wallpaper tacked to the top sash and rise with it. The melancholy cry of the "Hokay-Hokay!" merchant comes from somewhere behind, the cheerier call of "Creess, fine wa-er creess!" echoes down the street. This is the sorrier outlook from our riverside house.

The broad balcony on the other side has a prospect that a Venetian prince might envy. His grand canal is a rivulet to the majestic Thames, running here between its sheer banks of warehouse and wharf—

"A wide street paved with water, filled with shipping,
And all the world's flag flying, and sea-gulls dipping."

There is hardly ever the silence of great waters about this reach of the river, nor even on a Sunday a Sabbath stillness. On the top of the tide the Steam Navigation boats go down, with that curious stately sibilance of a large vessel through still water; the Kew to Greenwich steamers ply to and fro, leaving a broken echo of melodies, to be quenched in the sound of the creaking and bickering of the moored lighters, restive in her wash, or, at low tide, the rush of her waves on the muddy shingle. To a boy who has spent Sunday afternoons—as, surely, every jolly riverside boy has—playing about the Thames's slovenly fringe, rescuing firewood or dancing in its jetsam hay, what a revelation must be the almost lucid waves of the Channel on a pebble shore, how inconceivable the transparency of a Cornish sea, pale above the packed sand!

Just now, at half-past four on a Sunday afternoon, there is almost silence. The tide is nearly low. Bathing for a moment is over. The flag-cord whips lightly against the mast. There are desultory cries of children.

And as I write once more the cry of "Hokay!" breaks in upon the stillness; another pleasure boat goes by, flute and viol are giving the final movement of a ragtime tune; the moored barges groan and bicker, the wash breaks on the shore.

But it is perhaps at night that the full majesty of the prospect is shown. Detail gives place to mass. Lost now are the barges' names—the Alert, the Lily, the James, the Commerce—and their jolly colours, reds and greens. The eye no longer sweeps from St. Paul's shadowy dome, the Monument and the dim haze of Tower Gardens, along the broken line of sheer warehouses, by Wapping lock, with its welcome green of trees among the yellow bricks, past gaunt roof and chimney and gable, derrick and gantry, moored steamer and sailing barge, with tan sails folded, down to the far bend where the river turns to the Isle of Dogs and the steeple of Limehouse Church is white against the sky. All this is swallowed in a great gloom dancing with a thousand lights. The warehouses across the river are edged with a faint glow against the sky. Mysterious flashes are born and die behind great buildings. The police-boat slips by on its silent quest—whether for smugglers or pirates, or mere riverside murderers, who shall say? A steamer moves upstream, two lights and a sound of parted waters in the darkness, and at a long interval the waves of its wake tumble on the shingle and the lighters dance again at their moorings.

Come out of the lit and panelled room, with its model schooner on the mantelpiece and its pirate ship painted on the one plastered wall, and lean on the railings over the dark abyss, and you will be conscious of a sense of mystery and majesty. All is quiet, yet everything is moving. Ships are unseen, but you hear them pass. The tide is hurrying by, upstream to Westminster or down to the sea. The soft riverside smell of water and soaked hay envelops you, and faintly from all sides comes the murmur of a multitude of little happenings under the night sky.

And, if you will, on a summer evening you may sleep here on the balcony, with all this quiet tumult about you. For, though landsmen sleep, the river is not hushed and its tides wait for none. And you will have a steamer's siren for your alarm clock in the grey of the morning, and when you have washed in a bucket and sluiced down the deck, may breakfast where you slept, and see St. Paul's dome shining in the early sun above the river mists. W.

Warbrook, Hampshire.

The Seat of William Ranken, Esq.

BY the accident of an epitaph to John James of Greenwich, in Eversley Church, the date and authorship of Warbrook can be fixed. John James, eldest son of the Rev. John James, rector of Stratfield Turgis,* is buried in a vault in the west side of the church yard, and the tablet mentions (besides his activities in church building) that he "built the house called Warbrook in the parish, anno 1724," and died in May 1746, aged seventy-four. James's career is continuous with the first forty years of the eighteenth century, succeeding Hawksmoor as clerk of the works at Greenwich, a post which he held for forty years. In 1716 he was appointed assistant surveyor to St. Paul's, and also surveyor to the commissioners of the "fifty churches." Of domestic work, the only known examples assigned to him hitherto are "Mr. Secretary Johnstone's" house at Twickenham, later known as Orleans House, which is illustrated in "Vitruvius Britannicus,"† and Sir Gregory Page's house at Blackheath,‡ built in 1721, which was demolished at the close of the eighteenth century.

By the evidence of the plates in "Vitruvius Britannicus" Sir Gregory's house was richly decorated, and there seems to have been a tradition, which is repeated by Hawkins,§ that James and Kent were mere decorators, "and could do little more than design a saloon, a gallery, or a screen," a tradition at variance with James's record as a practical architect. Besides his architectural work James translated and edited several works of reference, such as Pozzo's "Rules and Examples of Perspective Proper for Painters and Architects" and Claude Perrault's treatise on the Five Orders, and Le Blond's very complete and interesting "Theory and Practice of Gardening,"|| of which there are several editions. It is a detailed account of the broad formal effects of garden architecture as introduced by Lenôtre in France, which was also the system of design employed in laying out the gardens and grounds of great houses built at this time, and in miniature of a small estate such as Warbrook.

Of this house itself—which is that rarity, a small house in

* "The Dictionary of National Biography" is uncertain of James the architect's parentage, and states that: "One John James, Vicar of Basingstoke (1679-1717) and rector of Stratfield Turgis from 1717 to 1733, had a son, also John James, who has been identified with the architect, apparently in error."

† Vol. I, Plate LXXVII.

‡ Ibid., Vol. IV, Plate LVIII to LXIV, and Watts, "Views of Seats," Plate XLVII.

§ "Life of Johnson," 1787, p. 374.

|| In 1712.



SUNDIAL IN THE GARDEN.

the grand manner—little is known beyond the fact that it was built for James's own use, and that it was later the residence of Sir John Nares,* a judge of the court of Common Pleas, who died in 1786. The house, which is built of brick, is divided into three areas, the centre portion, which is pedimented, containing the hall and main staircase. The brickwork here is relieved by a cement cornice and strips which are absent in the lower wings. The massing of the chimney-stacks in the centre and the treatment of the lower lateral portions achieve from many angles an effective composition. The smaller chimney-stacks at the angles are, however, a late eighteenth-century addition.

The interior, which is remarkably preserved, is an example of sober

Georgian decoration, in which the stucco bas-reliefs on walls and ceilings, and elaborate marble chimney-pieces of the contemporary great houses find no place. In the stone-paved hall, the walls are wainscoted in large panels, and the ceiling is set out with moulded ribs. The chimney-piece of fine-grained Hopton wood-stone is original, but when the house was bought by Mr. William Ranken the fireplace opening was bricked up around a small grate. The staircase is an ample and well-proportioned example of the type usually found in houses dating from the early half of the eighteenth century. Each tread carries balusters of two patterns, fluted, and spirally twisted, and the fluted type has been adopted by Mr. A. E. Richardson for the balustrade of a new and very graceful staircase.† In the ceiling of the staircase hall, at the head of the stair, wreaths of fruit and foliage, and cherub heads are traditional motifs which had lingered from the late seventeenth century, while on the staircase walls, above the Vitruvian scroll at first-floor level, the decoration is of Palladian character, a pedimented and enriched framework flanked by pendants. In the drawing-room, which is wainscoted like the hall, the panels, which are raised and fielded, are bordered by an egg and tongue enrichment, and there is a modillioned cornice; while the ceiling is decorated with a wide band of acanthus centring in a shell in each side. Of later eighteenth-century occupation there is little trace but a marble chimney-piece, now in the garden room; but when layers of paper hangings were stripped from the walls an advertisement of Adam's unlucky Adelphi lottery was discovered.

* 1716-1786.

† The baluster in the new staircase is an elongated variant of the original, resembling in proportion the balusters of the pulpit staircases.



A VIEW OF THE GARDEN FRONT FROM THE CANAL.



A PANELLED ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR.



THE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

Warbrook needed a considerable amount of structural repair, and also of reconstruction, where James's original plan had been obscured by Victorian alterations. The cornice of the centre block badly needed repair, and many plate-glass windows had to be resashed. This has been successfully effected by Mr. A. E. Richardson for Mr. Ranken, who have together brought Warbrook back to its original symmetry. Where there had been considerable tampering with the old floor levels, in the south wing, windows and levels have been set back in their original position, and a new staircase carried on girders. The extent of the thorough and finished repair and rescue of a house which was derelict and decayed is — and this is characteristic of Mr. Richardson's work — barely traceable to-day.

The lay-out of the formal garden is still to a great extent unaltered. In the centre of the entrance court is a sun-dial on a fine stone pedestal by William Collier, of London, on which John James's initials appear interlaced.* It is on

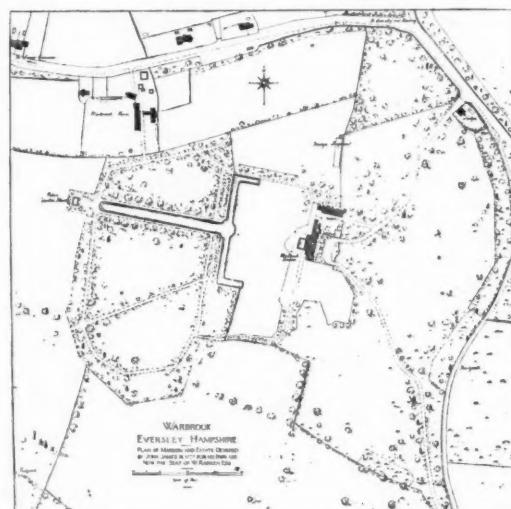
the garden side of the house, however, that James's touch is most apparent. In the laying out of the small property into an effective surrounding for his house, James has followed the principles of Le Blond whom he translated. "Fountains and water are the soul of a garden," he wrote, "and make the principal ornament of it." A T-shaped canal of water divided from the house by a lawn reflects the façade, and through the screen of woods are cut clearings forming vistas to points in which some vase or garden house may once have closed the view. The water was evidently once carried from the head of the T in a narrower channel to enclose the lawn. The value of water, especially in the level, well-wooded Hampshire country, was well understood by the garden designers of the early Georgian period, who would have subscribed to James's belief that "'tis certain that a garden, be it in other respects never so fine, if it want water, appears dull and melancholy, and is deprived of

one of its greatest beauties."*

M. JOURDAN.

* The sphinx at the head of the steps leading to the front door, which are of Coade's artificial stone and are dated 1789, were set there by Mr. Ranken.

* James, "Theory and Practice of Gardening" (ed. 1725), p. 280.



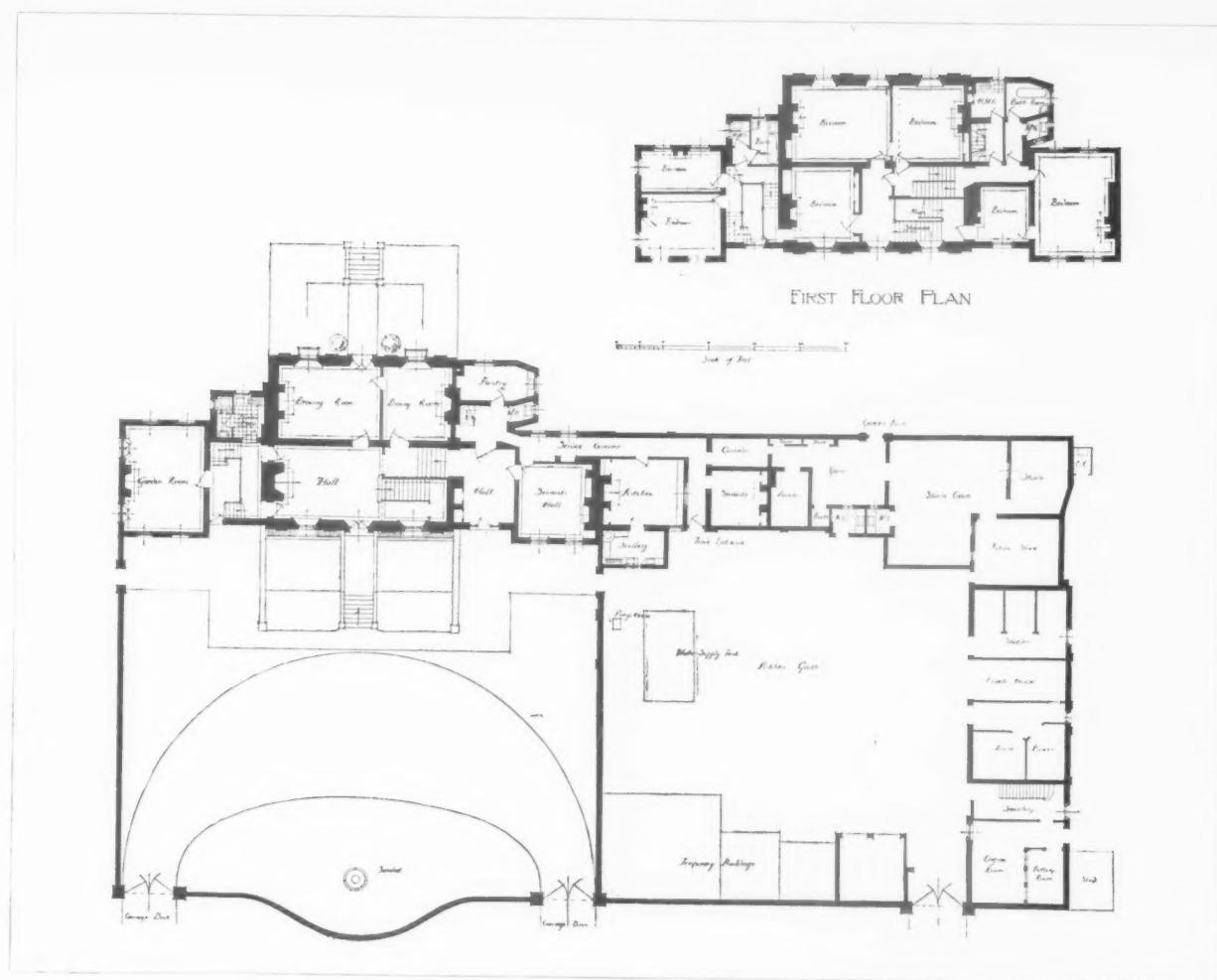
LAY-OUT OF THE ESTATE.

WARBROOK, HAMPSHIRE.

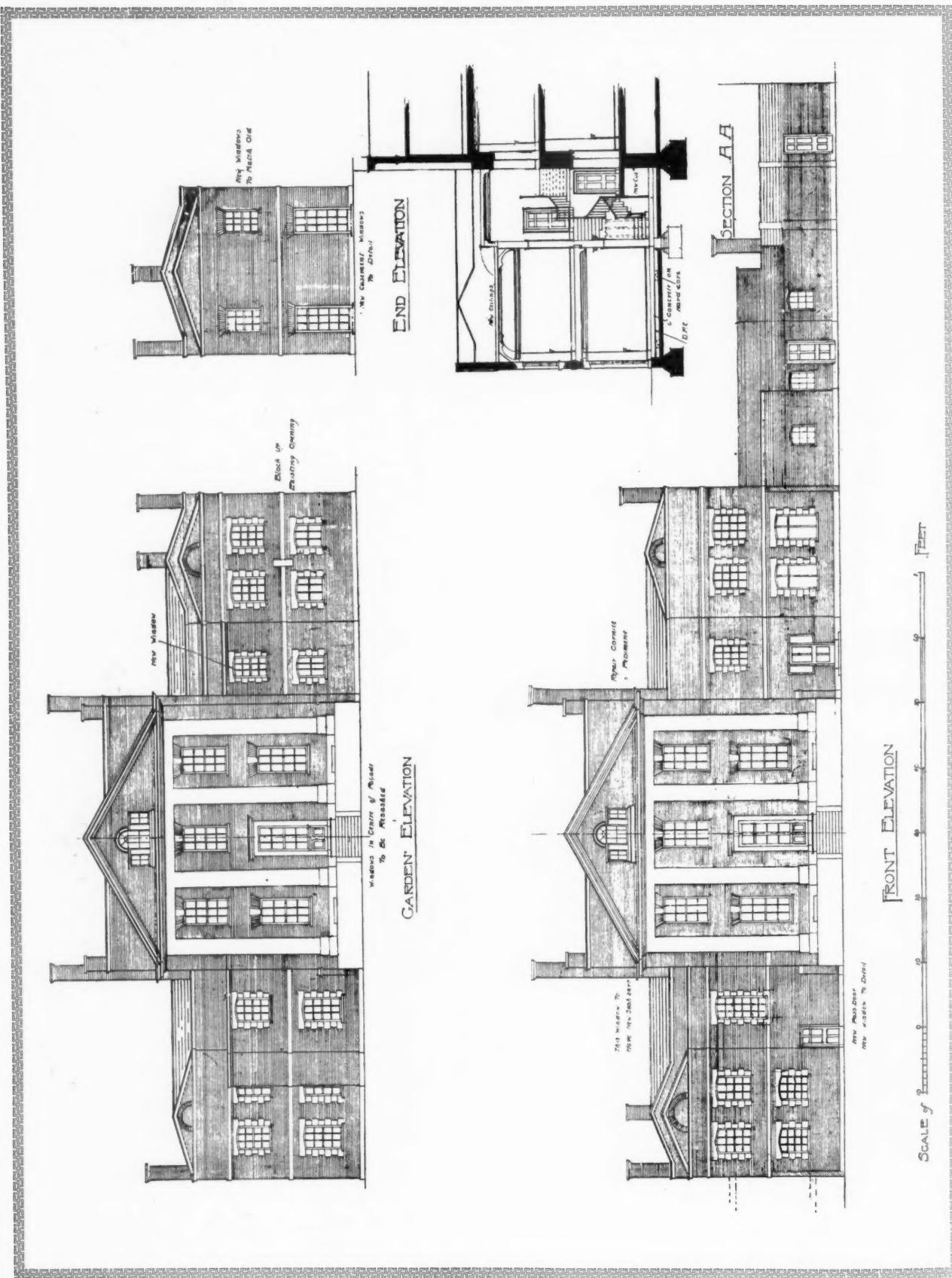
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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.



WARBROOK: GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS.



DRAWINGS PREPARED BY A. E. RICHARDSON FOR THE REPAIR OF WAR BROOK.



THE GARDEN FRONT, WARBROOK.
Built by James of Greenwich for himself in 1724.

Erich Mendelsohn.



A MODEL FOR AN OPTICAL FACTORY.

DURING the orgies of destruction in the World War there arose before Erich Mendelsohn a new vision of architectural harmony. This strange aesthetic-spiritual experience came whilst the young architect squatted in the trenches at the front. He built up new forms for a new civilization, and sketched them in rude strokes with stumps of charcoal or a BBBB pencil upon the blank margins of fouled newspapers or old envelopes. Housings and husks for the great industries of the day occupied his fancy. He saw that in the domain of architecture the modern spirit was still archæological. It still wandered bloodlessly amidst ruins, monuments, and cenotaphs of the past. Out of these, however, new life and new shapes were to be born—like the phoenix out of ashes.

Mendelsohn saw the liberation of modern architecture in a trinity of three materials—steel, concrete, glass.

The first liberation was that of form—from form. Antiquity, bound by its chains of matter, had bequeathed to us forms of construction which dominated us as inexorably as the laws of gravity and mechanics that gave them birth. All that had been achieved in the creation of architectural form up to the first free and independent gesture of the mediævals had been based upon the basic forms and constructive principles of antiquity. The T which formed the rudiments of the ancient formula of load and support was first conquered and overspanned by the Roman arch. The Roman arch was overvaulted by the Gothic principle of pillar and vault. The first iron girder brought about the third phase of liberation and evoked in the builder who first used it that same sense of structural freedom which pulsed through the heart of the Gothic architects after they had broken the back of the Roman arch and the bondage that had been imposed upon them by this. The “static feeling” of direct superincumbent load and direct support was now transfused into a new relationship—the load was diffused and supported indirectly by steel girders—a gradual evolution the two extremes of which furnish startling contrasts. The columns and marble beams of the Greek temple suc-

cumb to the pillars and stone vaults of the Gothic church; these to the girders and trusses of airy and spacious halls of steel.

This liberation through steel was demonstrated in a spectacular and sensational manner by the lessons taught us by that piece of neo-Gothic in steel—the Eiffel Tower. Long before this, however, the cast-iron pavilions of the Crystal Palace had opened up new vistas into the potentialities of iron and glass over stone and wood.

Mendelsohn realized that the real marriage or synthesis between the old and the new forms lay in reconciling the capacity of concrete to give mass and surface and combat pressure, with the capacity of steel to resist both pressure and tension. Out of these qualities a new synthesis can be built up and transmuted into beauty and harmony. The material, thus blended together, gives rise to a new rhythm, determines its own structural forms. It expresses itself. All attempts to force it to bear a face alien to its nature result in the bastard, the adulterated, the spurious. Allowed full play, architecture in the larger sense becomes possible. The spiritualization of matter by art and the intellect sets in and this brings forth the living fabric. The material awaits the master.

The message which he read into his age and which he formulated into an architectural credo reads thus:—

“Even as the Pyramid stems itself slantingly against the desert, so that the slumbers of its dead may be protected to all eternity—

“Even as the Greek Temple erected its lanes of columns with such gay serenity because they led up to the throne of its gods—

“Even as the Pagoda unfolds its ecstasy of forms so that the world may revel in the jungle fecundity of its life—

“Even as the Gothic Cathedral anchors its tower in the centre of the earth, so that with the greater surely it may point with its spire to the Beyond—

“Even so must our iron halls be built, even so express the spirit of the builders, must be built so spaciously and so crystalline that out of its vortices of light the House of Labour shall arise out of the ruins of the Houses of Thralldom—

ERICH MENDELSON.



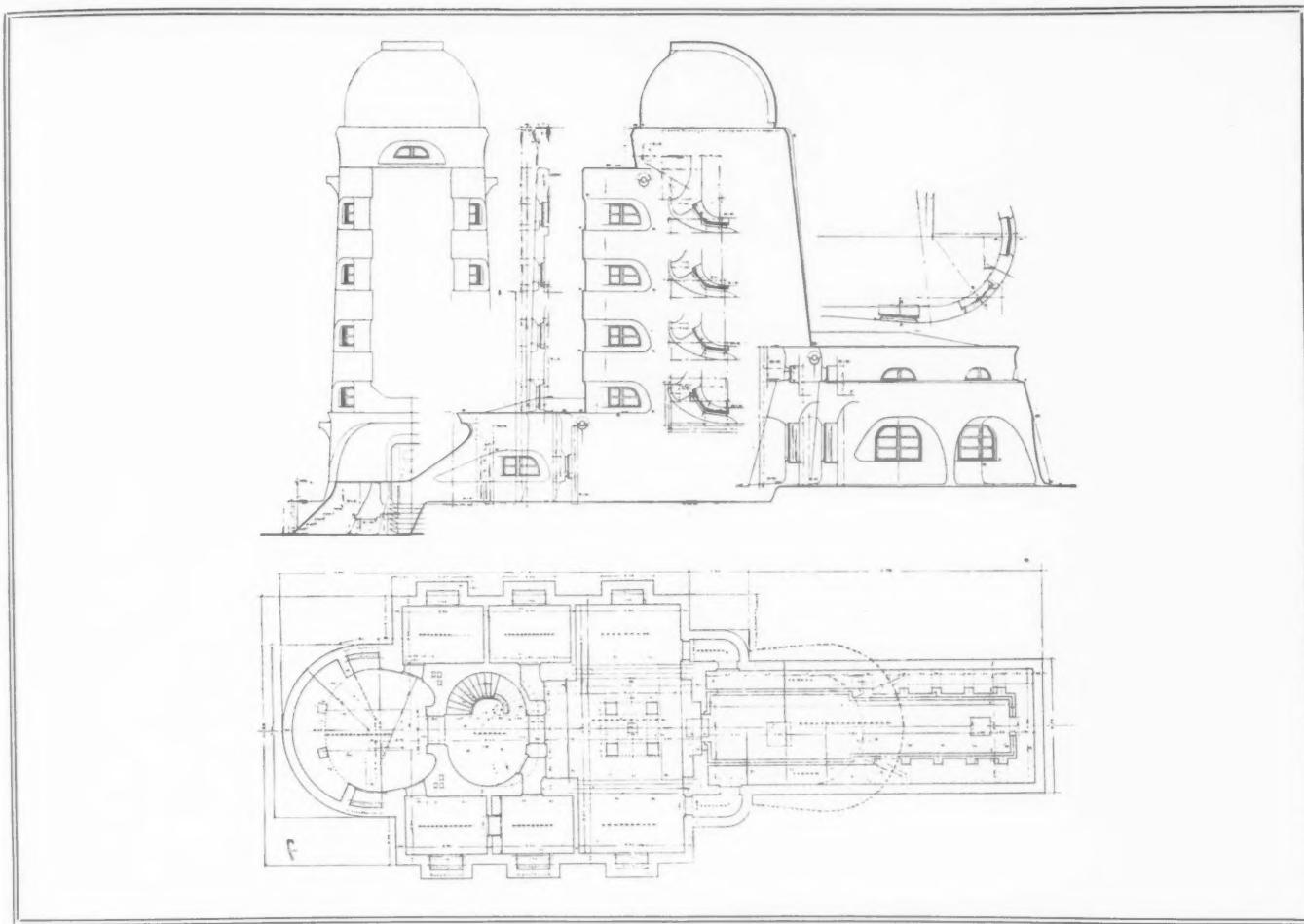
Plate II.

May 1923.

THE EINSTEIN TOWER, POTSDAM.

Erich Mendelsohn, Architect.

*"Observatory, laboratory, scientific cloister and academy, an underground retreat and study
for the master of the Theory of Relativity and his disciples."*



THE ARCHITECT'S WORKING DRAWINGS FOR THE EINSTEIN TOWER.

"As a symbol of our human longing to reduce the infinitude of the Cosmos to something finite by means of form, and to adjust the Incommensurable to the scale of our earthly existence."

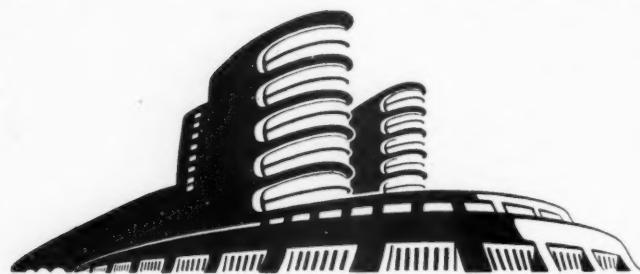
Even in the most radical departures from classic prototypes, such as the wheat-elevator at Worms, or the daring swoop of the main railway station at Hamburg, Mendelsohn saw the inalienable traces of the tutelage imposed upon the architect by history. Every attempt to conceal the utilitarian end of a modern structure rendered it a trap or plaything of "canonical columniation." Every attempt to evade an honest homage or service to the new material provoked an anachronism or an anomaly. The fabric arose, but it rose in impurity of material, and usually in impurity of form. The lattice-work restlessness of steel clashed with the calm, smooth repose of courses of stone. The tectonic consciousness of steel was violated—the law that stone receives its life from without, and that iron carries its vitalization in its own organism was not recognized.

For his part, Mendelsohn has visualized the modern building as a machine-builder visualizes a modern machine, a modern tailor the attire of modern man. He has let the inherent will that informs every structure intended to serve human ends, operate and determine its own form, following only the laws of the new building materials. In the designs and projects which Mendelsohn has made for large industrial units we find that inevit-

ability of form, that latent self-determination of the fabric, that simplicity of the means to the end, and that clarity of the structural organization, which strike us when contemplating some fine, harmonious machine—a dynamo, a high-powered motor-car, a turbine, an aeroplane. To quote from an introductory essay of mine upon the art of Erich Mendelsohn: "Something of the austerity and inevitability of that law which dominates the movements of the great original epochs of architecture—the Greek temple and the Gothic cathedral—and decrees that these are to be understood only in the light of their constructional conditions, is visible in these new shapes. This law is simple: the external form is to be conceived merely as flesh and skin in relation to the structure of the skeleton." Despite the apparent, only apparent, gulf between the organic and the inorganic worlds, this principle is almost as natural in relation to the new architectural organism as in relation to the human body. It is the form and movement which bring life.

Let us consider some of the industrial structures which Mendelsohn has planned and then flung with bold strokes upon paper. The practicability of these sketches is evident at first glance; the structure sings of its own potentialities of realization. There is here no mere "paper architecture" as in some of the projects of his utopian *confrères*.

Regard, for example, the arresting design for the optical factory, with its prosilient thrust and rake. Here we have two terraced strata of workshops devoted to the grosser and



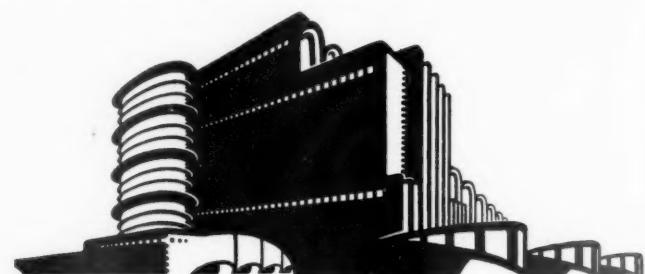
AN OPTICAL FACTORY.

to the finer mechanical operations. Out of this imposing basis two audacious turrets rise, conforming to and repeating the curvature of the base and opening great gaping mouths—gateways and sluices of light—to the floods of daylight so necessary to the adjustment and assembling of delicate optical instruments. The defiant tower tracts subside at the rear into stepped walls which support the vertical elevator tracts between the towers. All these masses, including the pavilions of the offices and mailing-rooms, have become a monolith by means of the casting-process inherent in concrete and steel construction. The walls themselves have lost the traditional character of a four-cornered box; they have become functional. The windows are something more than mere openings for the ingress of light and air—they are belts and zones of glass; they have become organic and active—culminating points of architectonic, actinic engineering.

The design for the aerodrome with surrounding workshops and storage rooms reveals a puissant flowing line, almost like the curve traced by a flying-machine. This haven for aeroplanes and dirigibles is designed, as it were, in a crouching attitude. The central part rises in altitude as though to give the flying fabrics an opportunity for testing their wings ere setting forth upon their flights. In the plan the vast freedom of the central passage is boldly emphasized—the hangars embrace this broad and elongated core or axis as subordinate yet auxiliary members.

In the packing-house the potencies inherent in the vertical masses and lines transfer themselves to all the members of the organism, and give them a latent life and movement. The whole structure is finally imbued with vibration and activity. The strophe and anti-strophe of tension and compression strains resolves itself into a symphony of forces played organ-like upon the ascending, the binding, and the over-towering tracts.

The vitality and dynamic expressionism of this organic architecture is to be heightened still further by a subtle and yet bold and impassioned use of colour. We shall thus

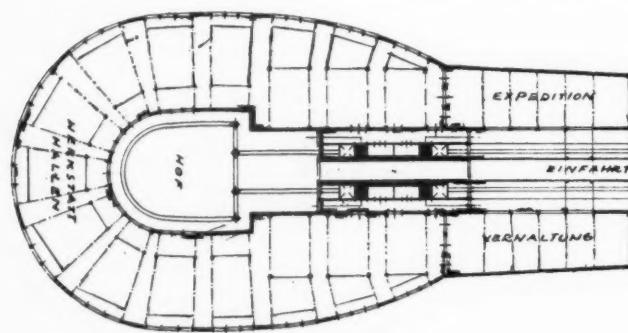


A PACKING-HOUSE.

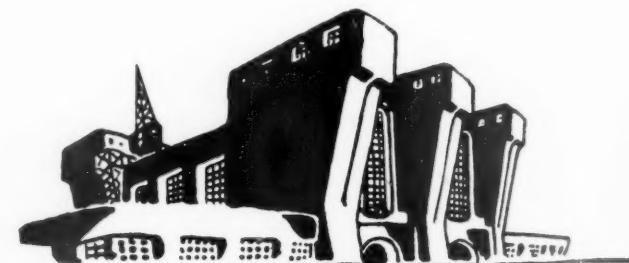
be given polychromatic masses in all the gradations of the colour-scale, flung picturesquely against the superincumbent skies or the circumjacent background. These masses will vibrate in white or black or in colour, or will have their contours relieved and emphasized by lines or broad bands of white, black, silver, or gold. Metals, dull or burnished, will also play their part in these symphonic accretions of steel, concrete, and glass—in short, there is to be beauty of colour as well as of form.

It is not due to any inherent flaw or fallacy in the Mendelsohnian architecture that so few of these original structures have been carried out so far. The gigantic economic, financial, and material difficulties under which Germany is suffering have practically paralysed all larger building enterprises. Yet Mendelsohn has realized several projects which embody his principles and even, as in his crowning work, exalt them.

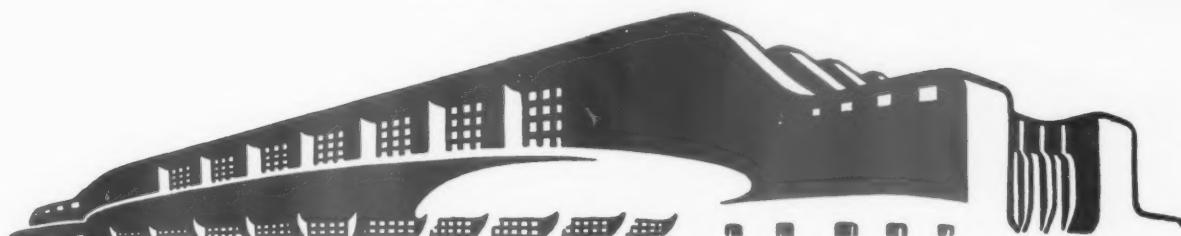
This, the most significant and dominant structure which has so far materialized under the hands of the young architect-engineer, is the Spectrographic Institute (or Einstein Tower) at Potsdam. This is one of the most remarkable structures ever erected, not only because of the form which it has assumed in Mendelsohn's hands, but because of the august and impressive uses to which it is to be put. It is in part observatory, laboratory, scientific cloister and academy, a temple for the most abstruse and ethereal experiments, an underground retreat and study for the master of the Theory of Relativity and his disciples. The building, mysterious even in its outward aspects, attains to something of an esoteric scientific uncanniness within. We are in the brilliant crypt of the modern alchemists and sorcerers, in an arcanum of subtle discovery, one of the radiant poles where the ultimate mysteries of the cosmos, of time, of space, and of the eternal forces are being weighed, analysed, and interpreted. Here a beam of sunlight is conducted out of the blue skies through a cylinder, and forced to run parallel with a beam of light from an underground furnace which generates solar heat, and both are weighed. The tower is



GROUND PLAN OF THE OPTICAL FACTORY.



AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT.



AN AERODROME.

an intricate organ with countless sensitive brain centres, nerves, plexi, and antennae: an electrode or receiving station for messages from the Great Vast.

Years of study and thousands of sketches were necessary before the strange turret began to assume its final form. The first sketches reveal wide, eccentric flights of fancy, the last harden themselves more and more to the rigid, almost brutal, machine-like contours of the tower as it now lifts itself above the greenery of the Potsdam woods. These forms are not in themselves the inevitable architectural precipitation or solution of mathematics or astrophysics, nor the abstraction of mere calculation—algebraic architecture. They are a transmutation into individualistic terms—Einstein transmuted into terms of Mendelsohn.

The profile side-view of the Einstein Tower with its sheer, sharp silhouette, the smooth, uncompromising apertures of the window-reveals launching themselves forward, remind one of the thrust of a motor-car or torpedo-boat. The insolent and defiant rake of the substructure, the characteristic Mendelsohnian plinth from which the Mendelsohnian masses shoot up with such irresistible impetus, gives this cosmic conning-tower the feeling of progression. When the clouds stream past its truculent casque and its armoured slopes, one has the impression of the whole mass rushing forward in an overwhelming onset. The rhythm of the mass rises from the ground, ascends in a sweep to the cupola, then once more rushes downward to the ground. The ground plan reveals the same variegated complex of spatial division, an avoidance of the rectangular, the dynamic centres concentrated in the foci of circles or ellipses, periphery impinging upon or intersecting periphery.

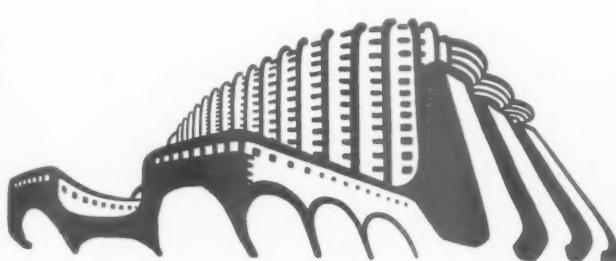
This is a realization of the architecture of which such writers as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells dreamed in their utopian romances. It may chill us like the aspect of a gleaming anvil suddenly disclosed in a chapel or a drawing-room, but the beauty and power that live in it must be measured by the laws and conditions of its own purpose and nature. It may bring to us no strain of the frozen music or poetry to which the older architecture has accustomed us. But if it

do not express this poetry, or expresses it in a different form, it should suffice that it too expresses a soul—and a personality. And who would deny character to these new creations? Their strangeness is but the eternal strangeness with which the new always confronts or affronts us—the new face and the new form that frighten the children of men in the twilight forest of world tradition.

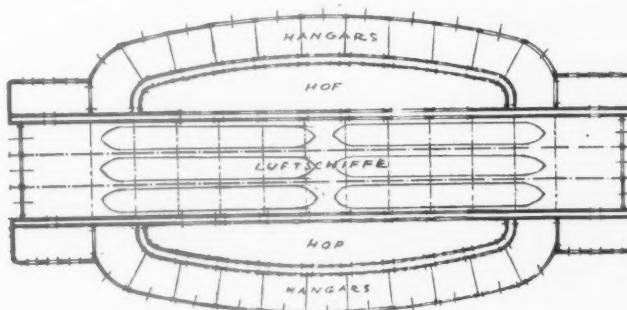
Interesting, too, is Erich Mendelsohn's conception of the *innenraum* or interior. He considers this not so much a decorative as an architectural problem—a room is to him something in the nature of a public square; the doors are streets, and these, and in a less degree the windows, determine the paths of traffic and communication, the arrangement of the pieces of furniture which are assigned the rôle of architectural members, more or less fixed. In his own home Mendelsohn has a music-room in black and dark blue in which the furniture mimics the monumental, in bold and rigid lines, eccentric yet eloquent with power. Colour, too, is accorded a high and organic function; the accent of two colours helps to co-ordinate the "room."

The thought obtrudes itself—and the thought might well assume the shape of a fear—that the architecture of Erich Mendelsohn is striving towards the denationalization of architecture. Would this entail the loss of precious idiosyncrasies, of the wonderful variations which the play and interplay of the phenomena of form and colour bring forth in the souls of the different nations? The fear, I believe, is groundless. We have seen a recent proof of this in the designs which German architects have produced for German skyscrapers, or *Turmhäuser*, a distinct departure from American *motifs*. The national traditions of architecture, temperament, race, *Weltanschauung*, will enforce themselves as heretofore. And the canonical uniformity of the universal classic-Gothic tradition in the modern nations is to-day a greater menace to individuality than the free play of fancy, the spontaneous inspiration, the organic development of the structure from within, the self-determination of its immanent will and purpose—which lie at the roots of this new inspiration.

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.



A MODERN FILM STUDIO.



GROUND PLAN OF THE AERODROME.

Burdocks, Gloucestershire.

Designed by E. Guy Dawber.

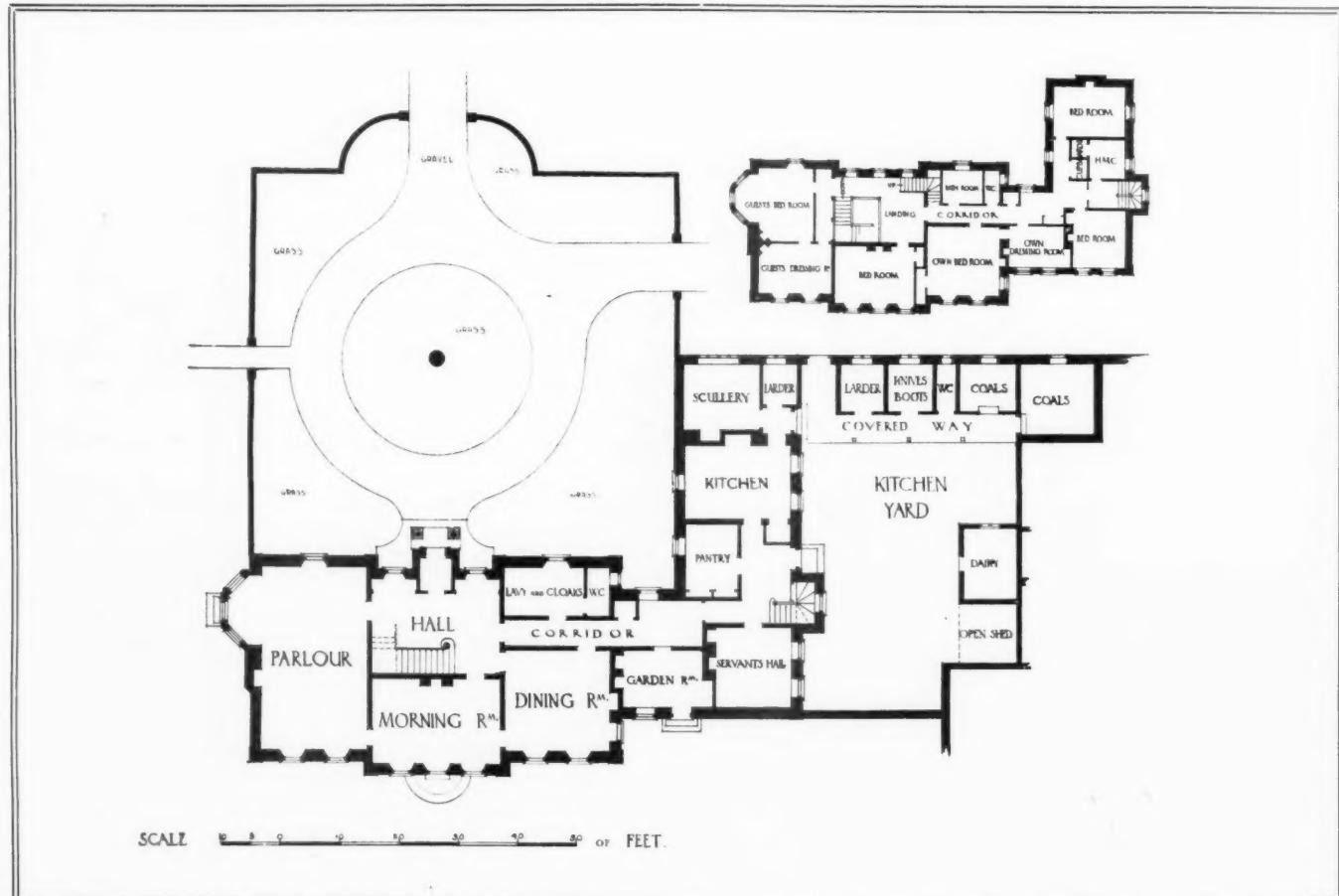
With Photographs by F. R. Yerbury.



“URDOCKS” lies in the heart of Gloucestershire, and is built of the grey Cotswold stone. It is a simple English house of great dignity and of fine scale, with rows of wide sash windows, a heavy roof, and ample doorways.

The stone walls are lined on the inside with brick, a hollow space being left between; and the roof is, of course, constructed in the local manner with stone slates.

Mr. Guy Dawber has designed the main body of the house as a solid rectangular block with a drive and courtyard in front, and a large pool in the garden at the back, the service quarters being planned in the shape of an L on one side of the courtyard. This creates a grouping of roofs and walls and chimneys which composes happily and picturesquely from whatever point it is seen. The garden is also designed by Mr. Dawber.



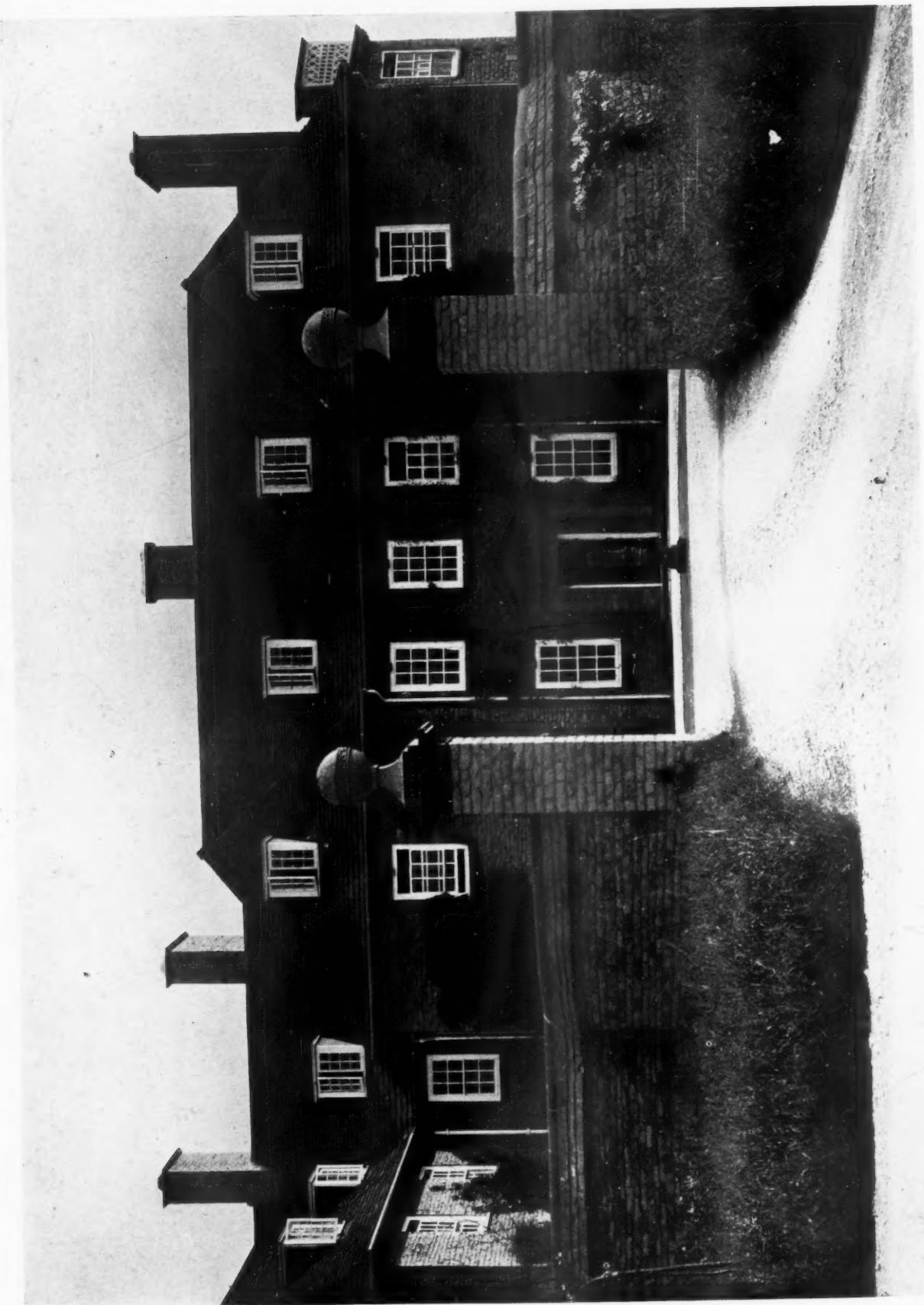
THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS.



THE ENTRANCE AND SERVICE WING.



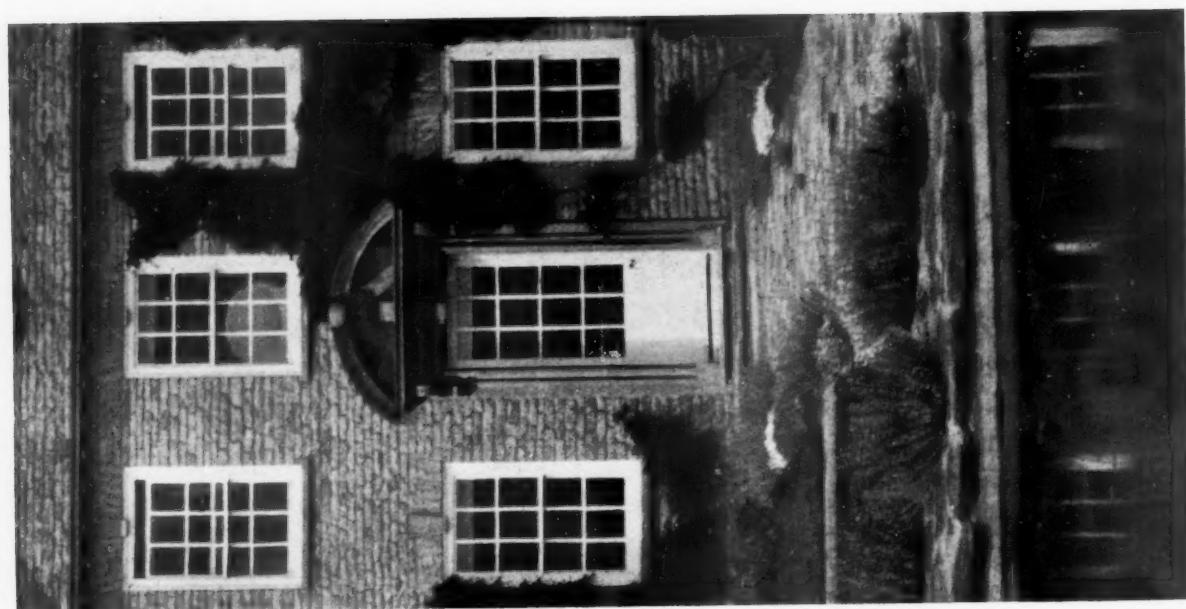
A SIDE VIEW, SHOWING THE PARLOUR AND GUESTS' BEDROOM WINDOWS.



THE ENTRANCE FRONT, BURDOCKS, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



THE GARDEN FRONT, OVERLOOKING THE POOL.



THE GARDEN DOOR, BURDOCKS.



A DETAIL OF THE GARDEN FRONT.



A GARDEN VIEW, BURDOCKS.

The Beginnings of Modern Architecture.

By Percy S. Worthington, M.A., Litt.D.



BRUNELLESCHI: THE FIRST
MODERN ARCHITECT.

WHEN I was an undergraduate at Oxford the great Slade Professorship of John Ruskin was ending. His teaching at that time reached a wider and more sympathetic public than probably any writer on art has ever reached. But its glamour has passed, and we feel to-day that there must be no wrangling about styles: that great architecture *is* great architecture, whatever its century or its country, ancient, mediaeval or modern, and that the principles to be applied in judging all are the same. Our conviction is that, so far as architecture is concerned, his teaching was, in the main, a misfortune, and that it strangled at birth a school of particular promise.

We cannot regard Renaissance architecture as he regarded it. To us it is in the main line of architectural evolution, just as the revival of learning was in the main-line of the development of civilization: indeed, that it is the beginning of the modern spirit in architecture.

Modern architecture dates from the day in 1401 on which a certain Florentine—small, misshapen and peppery—Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, or, as we call him for short, Brunelleschi, found himself defeated in a competition for the great gates of the Baptistry by Lorenzo di Ghiberti, and, with sudden impulsiveness and intolerance of defeat characteristic of the man, threw up sculpture on the spot and began to train himself as an architect. To become an architect sounds to us just the ordinary choice of a profession with defined training, position and duties. In those days the position and duties did not exist, and Brunelleschi had to train himself. He was clearly an innovator. He created the position, entirely changed and modernized the art, science and organization of building, and became the first and has remained one of the greatest of modern architects.

Brunelleschi was born in 1375, and died in 1446. He was the senior of a noted band of contemporaries: Lorenzo di Ghiberti (his nearest in age), Jacopo della Quercia (the sculptor), Michelozzo (the architect of the Riccardi), Luca della Robbia, Bernardino Rossellino, Donatello, and Desi-

derio da Settignano, with many of whom he was associated in his work. But the record of his masterful character can leave us under no delusion that anyone but the architect exercised any control, and here lay a most vital difference between the position which he assumed and that which his predecessors, who had dealt with the designing and carrying out of buildings, had occupied. But he had to fight hard for his position.

We know that Donatello never forgot his interview with Brunelleschi, when he had ventured (no doubt during one of his friend's absences from Florence) to design and insert doors in the old sacristy at San Lorenzo, which is one of Brunelleschi's most beautiful works and one of the few that he himself saw completed. Brunelleschi was quite justified in his anger: the building was spoiled; and he is said never to have spoken to Donatello again—a very awkward position, for Florence was a small place, and they had hosts of common friends, at whose houses they would constantly meet. He quarrelled also with another friend, Francesco della Luna, who mishandled the carrying out of the Innocenti; and, again, with Lorenzo di Ghiberti, in their work on the dome.

Of painters Masolino Fra Angelico and Massacio, to the last of whom he taught his newly discovered art of drawing in perspective, were strictly his contemporaries, and of the younger men Fra Filippo Lippi and Benozzo Gozzoli must have been his intimates, and frequently met him at Cosimo dei Medici's palace—the house which he was to have built. But here, again, his tempestuous nature almost lost him a powerful friend. His idea of the sort of house that Cosimo ought to live in did not agree with his client's, who complained that his model was far too magnificent for such a retiring man as himself. Rather than be criticized, Brunelleschi smashed his model and rushed away. And Michelozzo took his place, and gave Cosimo and ourselves the beautiful palace, which Benozzo Gozzoli decorated, known as the Riccardi.

To fix the time in our own northern minds we can recall that during Brunelleschi's working life of thirty years we

were building the towers of York Cathedral, and the French the choir of Rheims; and, even in Italy, Milan Cathedral was being completed. It is almost incredible.

The question naturally arises, was this a case of Revolution pure and simple suddenly reviving the classical ideal, or was there any element of evolution in it? In the revival of learning we see an intellectual revolution. There were definite cleavages between Rome and the Middle Ages, and the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and no continuous thread can be followed through the maze of the intervening centuries. Gothic architecture, however, had never been the vernacular in Italy. Such work as we recognize as conformable to our ideas of beauty was not the product of the Italian mind, but monastic or carried out under foreign direction. The science of poise and counterpoise, upon which the whole system of Gothic construction and, from construction, design, was based, was completely foreign to the southern mind, nor were the building guilds, upon whom depended the actual execution of the work, capable of understanding it. The most ambitious conception—that of Milan Cathedral—is pompous German Gothic, and the Cathedral of Siena is but a version in terms of local materials and methods of construction, whereas San Lorenzo (outside the walls at Rome), built in the thirteenth century, shows how sympathy with the old Roman tradition was never broken between the time of the Empire and Renaissance. Brunelleschi was a revolutionary as against Gothic, but a traditionalist as regards the historical spirit of Italy, going back to the source from which that tradition sprang, developing it to suit the modern needs of his day, and restoring scholarship to architecture as nearly a century before it had been restored in learning. But in doing so he was not abandoning the inheritance of the intervening centuries; rather, he was re-creating it, giving it fresh birth.

At the age of 27, Brunelleschi became first connected with Florence Cathedral as a member of the Committee to consider the completion of the nave. Six years of struggle and his model for the dome was accepted, and between this year and 1446, when he died, a large number of great architectural works were designed though few of them were carried to completion by himself, and all the time the dome was gradually rising, the focus of all his efforts, until he had almost reached his goal. He never saw it crowned by its lantern, but his model was settled and he knew that his great work at any rate was safe.

What were the conditions under which he began to work?

Up till now all building, especially in Northern Italy, had been in the hands of the guilds. Design and execution were alike in their province and buildings were anonymous. Known originally as the *Maestri Comachini*, they are mentioned first in the seventh century as an organized society of designers, carvers, builders and workmen, with full and unlimited powers to make contracts and sub-contracts, and the schedule of pay was strictly laid down in the first quarter of the eighth century (by King Luipold). They must have had some sort of organized existence since Roman days, and survived the Barbarian invasions as successors to the master-masons, who, in the days of the empire, had directed the operations of the *Collegia* especially devoted to building.* There was a very strong branch of

the Lombard guild in Tuscany, and especially in Florence, and it was these men whom Brunelleschi found in charge of all building. The representatives of a past generation, unable to adapt their craft to the significant change that had taken place in general life, and still stubbornly tenacious of their own privileges, they had been wrangling for years about the method of covering the great central space of the Duomo; yet no one had found a way or would take the responsibility of attempting to throw a dome over its 136 feet, though one had been intended from the first and no other finish was possible.

A competition was held, and Brunelleschi was manifestly first; but Lorenzo's partisans made such a hubbub, that the only way out was their joint appointment, and, to satisfy the guild, who were equally unfortunate, one of their number—Battista Antonio—was joined with them. Lorenzo became a standing nuisance, but Battista, recognizing his limitations, gave no trouble at all.

Every important building was placed under the control of a permanent committee. Such a committee existed for the control of the work on the cathedral, called the *Opera del Duomo*, the guild largely represented on it with co-opted members from other guilds, membership of one of which was an essential condition of citizenship.

They appointed the superintendent of the works, who, up to now, had always been a member of the "arte dei maestri di pietra E Legname," and all worked under the special patronage of the *Arte della Lana*.

Brunelleschi, however, having convinced every one that mattered that he alone was capable of building the dome, though he was not a member of the building guild, which he firmly refused to join, forced himself into the position of superintendent, and, in spite of the Continental opposition of Lorenzo and the guild, consolidated his position. Throughout the operations he was continually thinking out new methods of construction and of easing labour, building restaurants on the scaffold and taking fresh precautions for safety. But he tolerated no interference, proved a ruthless strike-breaker, and obtained finally complete control.

During Brunelleschi's early years, times in Florence had been very exciting, but he was too young to be mixed up in party struggle or to remember that between the greater and the lesser guilds. Out of the guilds had arisen an aristocracy of trade, families whose wealth and social position made them rivals of the old aristocracy and set them building homes for themselves quite unlike the old towered fortresses. The city had extended her power outside her own confines, and obtained an outlet for trade to the sea at Leghorn; and the Republic, though still normally governed by the greater guilds, was in reality ruled by these *nobili populani*, the Medici most influential though carefully keeping in the background. It was they who now had, in reality, replaced the greater guilds in the government of the Republic, and it was under their encouragement that a new era sprang up in art at a time when Florence was throwing up great men in all branches of learning and art and craftsmanship, and was full of high ideals of literature, art and citizenship; indeed, she was the mother of nearly all the great artists of the Early Renaissance, and of the great architects few can be named who did not come from there, either by birth or training. She sent them out to bring fame to other towns and rulers,

* See Rivoira, "Lombardic Architecture."

Brunelleschi among the others; and even Rome, when, after the great split, the Popes were again installed in the Vatican with new splendour and became the greatest patrons of art in Italy—even Rome drew her architects, painters and sculptors from Florence during the greatest epoch of the Renaissance.

Democracy vied with democracy, and despot with despot, in attracting to themselves and deriving distinction from architects, artists and scholars, and architectural development followed the independent political development of republics and despotisms; but it was in Florence, turbulent as she was, that art flourished most, and, influential as individuals were, they had no monopoly of knowledge and enthusiasm, nor were they the only competent critics. The building of the dome was followed with absorbed interest, heated discussion and freely expressed criticism by the whole city, and the champions of the building guild were constantly out to intrigue against Brunelleschi, and vice versa. He was jeered at as a madman in the streets, and when he showed himself more than usually obstinate in the Committee of the Opera, he was carried out, shouting and kicking; they even imprisoned him! So we may understand that public feeling ran high, and that interest in the problem and the actors was not merely academic. Whenever any fresh or alleged difficulty arose—though the architect would never acknowledge that anything was difficult for him—advice, competitive designs and models poured in, and he was not even taken at his own valuation at the very top, when the lantern alone remained to be erected. His enemies agitated for other models, and competitors were not wanting. He no doubt brought this upon himself by secrecy and refusal to take others into his confidence; but his early experience had been enough excuse, when, to his disgust, Lorenzo was appointed joint architect, and, proving incapable of conducting any part of the work on his own initiative, was always trying to worm information out of his colleague. Crises in their relationship to one another were constantly arising, and the story goes that one more serious than the others brought things to a head, and that Brunelleschi retired to bed, where he remained until the work came to a standstill and Lorenzo's incapacity was exposed; and he finally allowed himself to be fetched back, with Lorenzo under his thumb, soon to be retired on a pension.

This all seems very quarrelsome and captious on the part of the public and of the architects; but it does give us the atmosphere of Florence and is, at any rate, evidence of popular interest in architecture and of intense feeling for the honour of the city.

Mediaeval collectivism had passed away, and the guild system went with it. The development of individual freedom of thought and action produced a broader outlook on life, and great leaders in art and greater wealth led naturally to greater civic display and luxury in private life. Nothing would induce Cosimo dei Medici, for instance, when he determined to build himself a house, to live in one such as had satisfied his ancestors. It must be no mere tower for defence, no sombre, barred and crenellated fortress, surrounding a courtyard for its only pleasure-ground. The guild could not give him what he wanted. It must be more in conformity with the scholarship that he loved to promote, that suited his individual taste and was the work of an individual artist. He must have a sunny library for scholars to marvel at; a dining-room to suit the stateliness of his meals, rich with gilt and colour, as a setting to the brilliance

of his guests. The whole life of the city followed suit, and he must be able to look out on the streets and watch the pageantry of processions, even if he did so far follow tradition as to retain a sturdy ground floor story, just to take no risks. No deep and narrow cortile, overlooked by the windows of the household, was suitable for the meetings of his academy or for the entertainment of the youth and beauty of Florence—youth which no longer clanked about in armour but clad itself gallantly in rich clothing. So spacious and shady gardens were required and cool fountains, all laid out in the grand manner of the age, and Brunelleschi, Michelozzo and Alberti evolved the new types and set about the rebuilding of Florence.

One of the most recent, as it is one of the most interesting, books on the Early Renaissance in Italy is that by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson. His plea for the vernacular not hidebound by dogma, and one in which the matter is of more importance than the manner, is to my mind unassailable if architecture is to be a living art. The work of such men as Brunelleschi, Bramante, the San Gallos, Peruzzi and others—the work generally of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries—is pre-eminently individual and alive, and if Brunelleschi is not the greatest of them technically he is historically, and the student will do well to study his spirit, even if he attaches more importance to the beauty of Peruzzi's detail.

In the last century, Renaissance architecture was judged and condemned rather by its later and more stereotyped forms than by the freshness and vitality of the time we are considering—by the men who later fell under the spell of Vignola or Palladio, by which design became a matter of recipes comparatively easy of comprehension, but producing results good, bad or negligible according to the ability with which the ingredients were mixed.

There is a danger, it seems to me, for our modern schools of architecture, in the encouragement of design by recipe. The object of education in architecture is not to provide a fully developed system, but, upon a solid basis of knowledge, to encourage observation and imagination, the desire for learning and versatility for its application. In fact, we want to turn out Brunelleschis and Bramantes, rather than Vignolas and Palladios.

The pursuits and taste of his acquaintance, the cultivated society of his day, opened Brunelleschi's eyes to new possibilities and to the fact that the building guilds had become stagnant and unable to adapt themselves to the needs of the time, and had by now entirely forgotten their original inspiration. So, with contempt in his heart for alien Gothic, but mindful of the true Italian tradition, he instinctively turned towards classical art as his friends turned to classical literature.

For years he studied in Rome, mastering the system and detail of the Imperial builders, and returned to Florence—not as a copyist, with vain repetitions of a worn-out theme, but with a mind fresh to apply old principles to new problems.

He was essentially a creative artist, using the means to his hand in a new way. The uses for which he had to provide demanded fresh forms, and whether it be a church or private chapel, the fortification of a town, a dwelling for monks, or for a Florentine citizen, in one and all will be found in an eminent degree knowledge, imagination, freshness and charm, which not only mark the great and original artist, but the pioneer of a new system.

THREE WATER-COLOURS.



Plate III.

May 1923.

THE LONDON COUNTY HALL.

From a sketch by William Walcot, R.E.

*This drawing and the two which follow were hung in the Exhibition of Mr. Walcot's work held recently
in New York*

THREE WATER-COLOURS.



Plate IV.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

From a Sketch by William Walcot, R.E.

May 1923.

The University Club, designed by McKim, Mead and White, has provided a happy subject for the artist's brush. This water-colour was recently exhibited in New York. During April Mr. Walcot held an exhibition of his work in London.

THREE WATER-COLOURS.

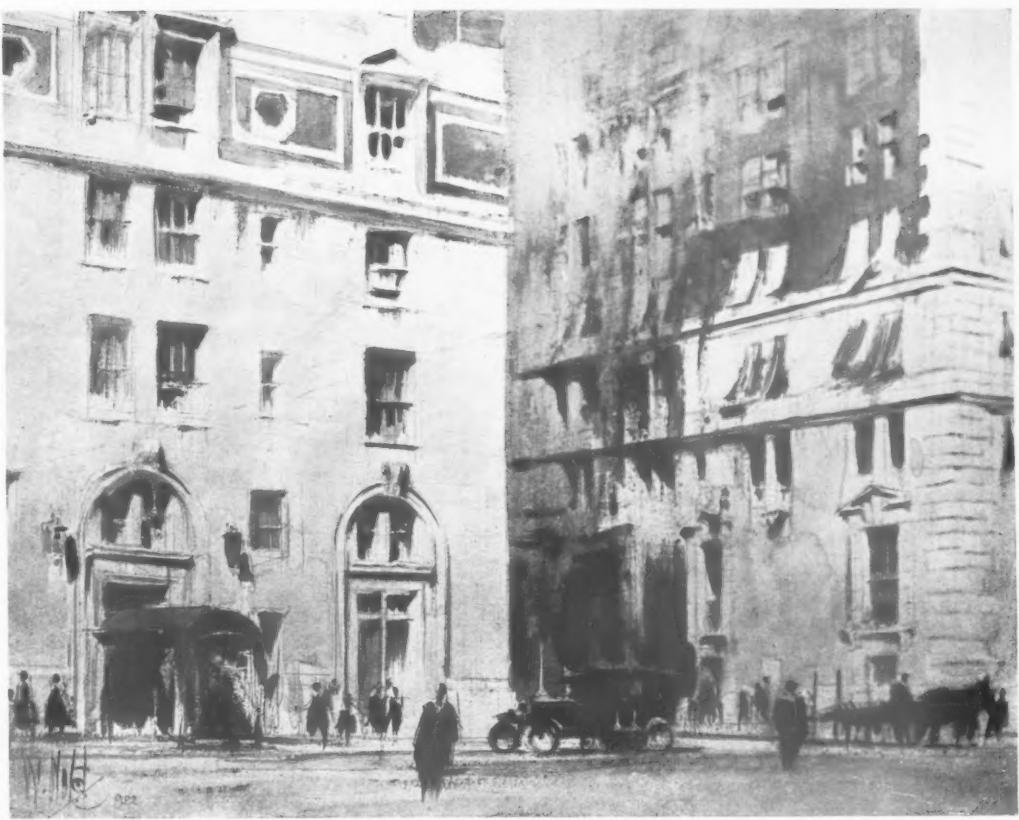


Plate V.

May 1923.

PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.

From a Sketch by William Walcot, R.E.

On returning from America Mr. Walcot held an Exhibition in the Galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects of his Great Temples of Antiquity, his Roman Compositions, and other etchings. Some of the paintings of Ancient Temples have recently been reproduced in colour in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The Armenian Church of St. Sarkis, Kensington, London.

Designed by Mewes and Davis.

With Photographs by F. R. Yerbury.

ST. SARKIS CHURCH is built on a corner site. It has a north and west entrance, facing Iverna Square and Iverna Gardens respectively. The plan is in the form of a Greek cross with the addition of an apse at the east end and a sacristy at the south.

The church has been adapted from an existing building in the cloisters of Haghpat in Armenia, the style of the architecture being thirteenth-century Armenian Byzantine with a certain Saracenic influence.

The whole of the exterior (including the church and turret roofs) is constructed in Portland stone. The effect is simple and severe with the exception of the ornamental angles.

The turret is heptagonal in plan, and is symmetrical on the north and south elevations.

The two entrance doors are in oak and richly carved.

The interior of the building is carried out in artificial stone, and is very simple. Four groups of pilasters (the caps of which are carved) support the four arches which carry the dome.

The altar, the upper part of which is constructed in alabaster, rests on a pentelicos marble base and is inlaid with lapis lazuli, rouge skyros, and green Mexican onyx.

All other ornament, capitals, bases, bas-relief, crosses, etc., are gilded, the whole being Byzantine in feeling.

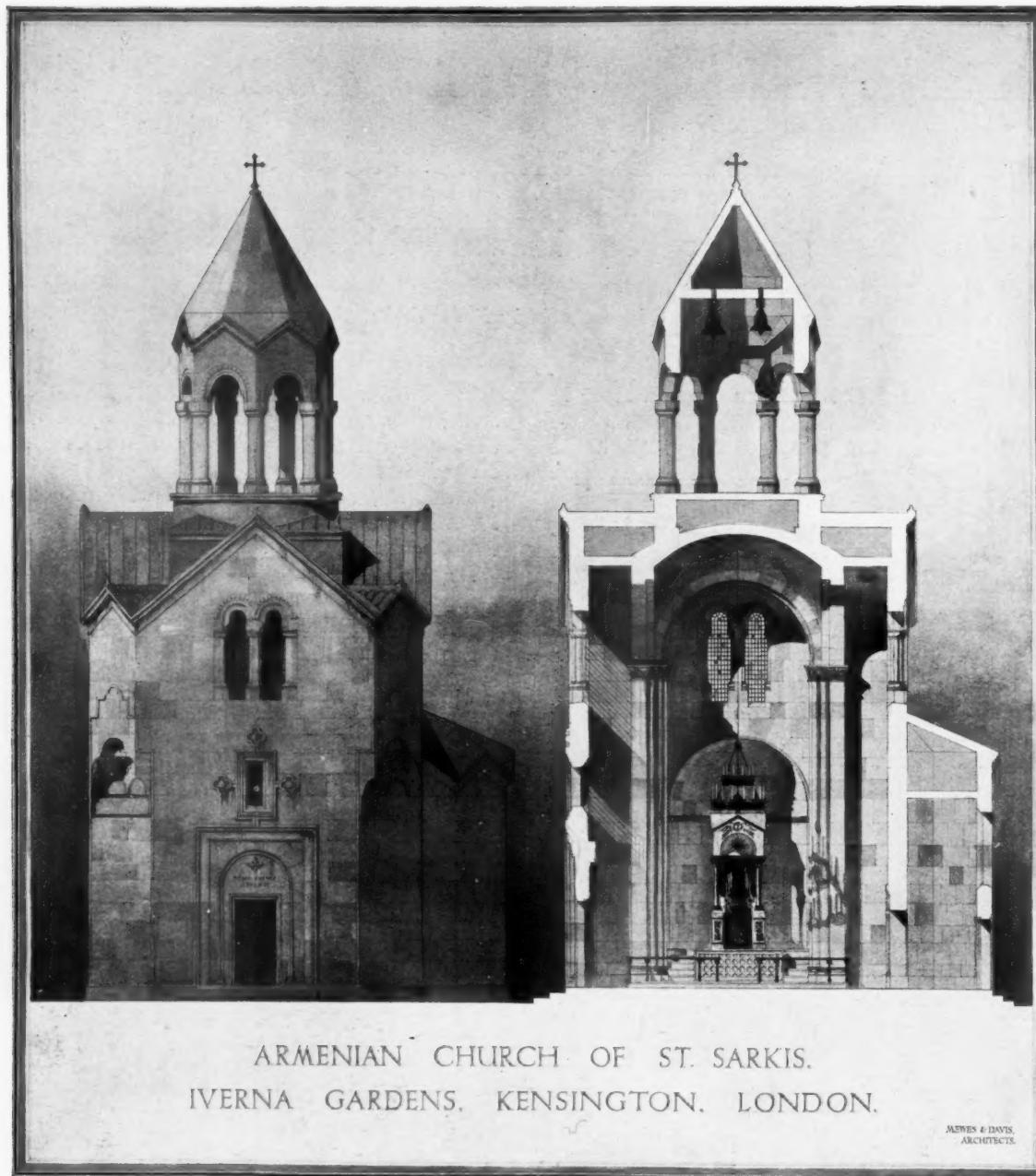
The big chandelier lighting the church is designed from Armenian records of the twelfth century. It is heptagonal in plan—a division which is symbolic in the Armenian religion—and has been carried out in wrought iron with embossed decorative scrolls. The top ring has seven candles, the bottom fourteen.



A GENERAL VIEW.

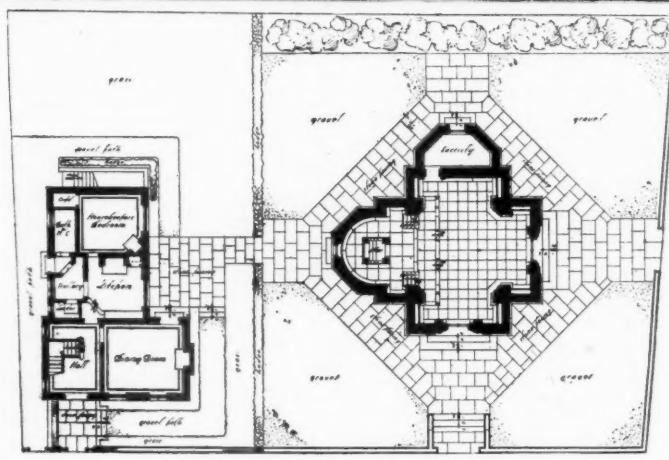


A DETAIL OF THE DOOR.



ST. SARKIS CHURCH,
KENSINGTON, LONDON:
PLAN, ELEVATION,
AND SECTION.

Mewes and Davis,
Architects.





ST. SARKIS CHURCH, IVERNA GARDENS, KENSINGTON.



A DETAIL OF THE ANGLE TREATMENT OF ST. SARKIS CHURCH.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, SHOWING THE GREAT CHANDELIER.



THE BALDACCHINO, ST. SARKIS CHURCH, KENSINGTON, LONDON.

Exhibitions.

THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY.—The exhibition of modern British art held in this gallery cannot be considered very representative—at least one hopes not. And why is such a lot of the work that goes under the name of "modern" so depressing—and I was going to say—depraved? At least it has an affectation of depravity in it; and why do artists paint so many of these kind of things when the cry is for a "brighter London"?

In an exhibition of such a mixed nature as this, and where so much of the work is tentative, it is a great pleasure to come upon the assured work of C. J. Holmes and D. Y. Cameron. I couple them together because surely they have a great deal in common. They have the same austere sense of selection, and the same rigid rejection of material that is not relevant to the exact ideas they wish to place on canvas. Yet in other respects they are unlike. Sir C. J. Holmes has more reserved colour scale than Mr. Cameron; his work is kept more within the area of a carefully considered formula—and is never allowed to stray outside this area. On the other hand, Mr. Cameron has a radiant sense of colour, which in some remarkable way he is always able to keep within an artistic convention. But both of them have this in common: that their work always has in it a sense of quietness, and of dignity, and of inevitability. In my opinion, these two artists stand on a much more permanent base than many of the over-advertised and over-praised men of to-day.

The work of Professor Rothenstein is always entitled to serious consideration, but the two examples he shows here are not particularly good ones. There is a portrait of a young girl and a landscape, which are very hard and dry, both in the quality of the paint and in the rather mannered style. Let us hope that he does not become too much of the professor and consequently less of the performer.

So many of the younger painters of the present day are trying to arrive before their time, and much of the work they are now doing in their eager haste to achieve this end they will themselves look back upon in the future as puerile stuff, and wonder what deluded motives actuated them in producing it. If one may judge by his "Self Portrait" (60), Mr. Gilbert Spencer evidently has a very modest estimate of his own personal attractions, and for his sake it is to be hoped that he is not a bit like it. However, this picture will serve as well as any other to draw attention to the wilful distortion of, perhaps, quite comely objects indulged in by many of the younger men. They seem to think that by renouncing the ordinary standards by which good drawing is determined they can become a law unto themselves, and thus escape the censure usually passed upon incompetence; having but little sense of beauty themselves, they decry that gift as worthless—like the fox who lost his tail.

Among so much work that is so casually and badly put on canvas, the methodical ways of Mr. Ginner come as a blessing, and the work he shows here is of that quiet and orderly kind peculiar to this artist. There is no hurry or flurry about Mr. Ginner; each thing that he does has been carefully thought out to the last detail—nothing is left to chance.

One can see in the work of the late Spencer F. Gore the seed from which has sprung so much of the painting that is best of its kind in England at the present day. Earlier work of the late Harold Gilman shows this influence distinctly, but this artist was developing in his later work an independent point of view, and was also acquiring a logical sense of design, which his earlier work lacked; at one period he even had a contempt for what savoured of "arrangement," but as one can judge from his more recent paintings he evidently changed his views about this.

There is a painting in the exhibition of a mother and child, done by Mr. Meninsky, which fits into the space in which it is composed very well. How many thousand times has this subject been treated by artists? And yet it still has possibilities, and in good hands reveals new pictorial beauties.

Mr. Ihlee has some good work here. But why did he paint that Gauguinesque "Three Graces"? And is it playing the game so nearly to appropriate another artist's ideas; and what is the use of it? Besides, Mr. Ihlee has quite enough talent of his own, and does not need to do this kind of thing.

Mr. Roger Fry has two pictures here, but as I will deal with his exhibition at the Independent Gallery next month, I will defer consideration of his work until then.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES.—The main gallery is devoted to the work of Mr. Harold Knight, which consists of various portraits and landscapes. His portraits are amazingly efficient and intensely realistic, and if representation was the whole of art, Mr. Knight must be considered a great artist. But this is not so, as more enlightened artists are beginning to find out. Some of the portraits are almost painfully realistic—every resource of the painter's craft has been applied to this end, and the results are entirely successful in accomplishing the artist's aim. But it is open to question whether this aim is an artistically worthy one, and whether it leads anywhere in particular in the domain of art. Mere visual record of natural objects is not necessarily art any more than the recording of mere sounds of nature is necessarily music. Take No. 1, "Brownie," which represents Mr. Knight's extreme of realism: were it possible to take snapshots in paint by some mechanical process and then enlarge them into life-sized pictures, surely the results would be very similar to this portrait. Here and there his work shows sympathetic feeling, as in "Miss Dolly Simpson," which has in it a certain graciousness, and "Miss Gladys Hynes," which is remarkable for the accomplished painting of the hands.

The landscapes are the usual Cornish ones—rocky promontories and misty seas, which so many artists seem to find interesting—but when recorded on canvas become monotonous; the artist not, perhaps, realizing that he has not succeeded in communicating his enthusiasm for the subject to those who were not there.

Miss Fairlie Harmer also has a room devoted to her work. She is endowed with an artistic vision of a high order, and has a happy sense of colour. Her composition is her weakest point, and her choice of subjects is not always sufficiently discriminating; indeed, some of her subjects must be regarded as chiefly interesting to herself as offering problems of which it amused her to attempt a solution, but are of hardly sufficient importance for an exhibition. Some of her still-life groups are her best work; for instance, "The Lustre Teapot" (53) is a splendid piece of painting; each object in it is surrounded by an extraordinary sense of light; and "The China Cabinet" (63) is notable for the minute observation of light at all angles—direct and reflected.

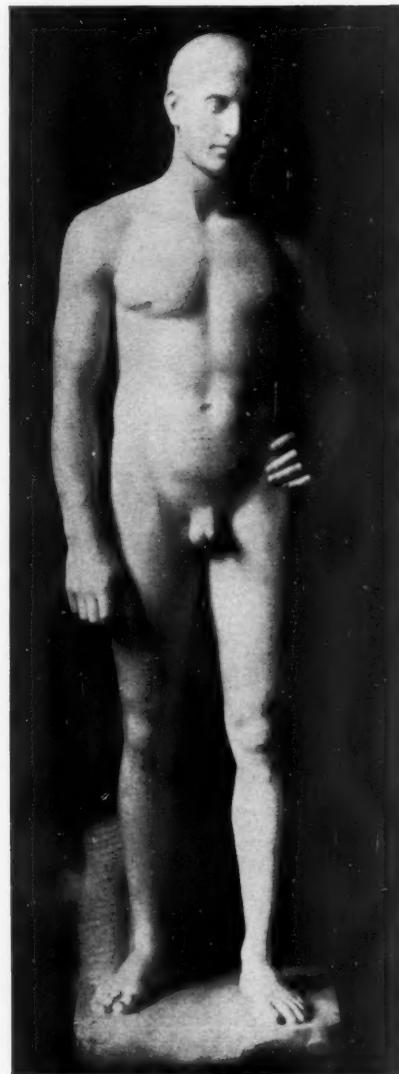
THE FINE ART SOCIETY.—The memorial exhibition of water-colours by the late Sir Ernest George, R.A., held in this gallery, showed his talents in this direction to be very varied. His interiors of cathedrals are always competent and show an intimate knowledge of his subject. But very often he elaborated his paintings too much, and was not satisfied to indicate, with, perhaps, the aid of a pen, the vast knowledge he had at his command of details at which the layman could only guess, but tried to force water-colours to do too much. As he was mostly occupied as an architect, he had, as it were, to re-discover himself as a painter every time he went abroad to paint, and, of course, this retarded his development as a water-colourist. Had he entirely pursued art in this direction, he would have reached a high standard, for his method was undergoing a gradual process of clarification, as his little study of "Rothenburg" (61) shows, for this little painting is a beautiful piece of work—perfect in composition and simple and direct in treatment. A lot of Sir Ernest George's work is interesting, if only for the subjects it depicts—and what wonderful subjects they are!

ELLIOTT AND FRY'S GALLERY.—Messrs. Elliott and Fry have hospitably placed at the disposal of artists an excellent gallery on their premises, which is at present occupied by an exhibition of the works of Mr. Weaver Hawkins, consisting of etchings, aquatints, and water-colours of various subjects in various countries. This artist has been suffering under injuries received during the war, and certainly remarkable is the manner in which he has pluckily risen above them, and is for this very reason evolving an individual style.

His etchings show a good sense of line, and some of the subjects chosen are of the kind beloved by Whistler, but the treatment is different, the lines being more those of the craftsman; they have in them the detached feeling of an engraving, and not the personal feeling of the artist. Not that they are the worse for this; the distinction is made to explain his method of work.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Recent Books.



TWO PIECES OF SCULPTURE: TORSO OF A GIRL, BY BERNHARD HOETGER, AND A YOUNG MAN, BY ADOLF VON HILDEBRAND.

From "Die Neure Plastik."

A Century of Continental Sculpture.

Die Neure Plastik. By ALFRED KUHN. Munich: Delphin-Verlag.

For a quarter of a century the output of books on modern sculpture has been limited to works on individual artists. The appearance of a handsome quarto volume on the Continental sculpture of the last hundred years, by Alfred Kuhn, is therefore all the more welcome. A new edition has just appeared, and in its hundred and forty pages is condensed a consideration of many of the principal aspects of the art from its state at the time of Canova and Thorvaldsen.

The earlier modern sculptors of Germany and Austria are considered, from Schadow, Rauch, and Schwanthaler and Hähnel, representing the classical, romantic and baroque periods. The progress towards realism is then traced, and

Rietschel is cited as introducing the earliest elements of the modern spirit. A parallel chapter on the French school during the period shows how intimately German development corresponded with the productions of Rude, Barye, and Carpeaux, and how the French influence on Begas and others of the German school was manifested.

The culmination was reached in Rodin, according to the author, as he omits from the discussion Medardo Rosso, although he deals with Meunier in a small way. It is significant that no mention is made of America and England, of Alfred Stevens or Saint-Gaudens. Tracing influences in this way, the work of the Florence school and von Hildebrand is reached. No one on the Continent had a more intimate effect than this cultured artist, who, combining realistic feeling with a classical outlook, succeeded in creating a very pleasing variation of the neo-

classical spirit, which is continued in the work of the great Frenchman Maillol. Not that von Hildebrand's was the sole influence, for Max Klinger, too, had learned from Rodin and Meunier the secret of realistic treatment, as is seen in his portrait busts and in his celebrated "Beethoven" at Leipzig.

The further consideration of the classical-realistic work is postponed until the "Grosse Form" has been dealt with—the huge mass-sculpture-architecture due to Franz Metzner and Hugo Lederer, which is the marked feature of many modern German monuments, and the influence of which is to be recognized in much of the work of the artists of the northern nations. Apparently it was Maillol who saved German work from further coarseness and heaviness, for Maillol has, among his other striking qualities, enough of the primitive spirit to satisfy the recognized want in Germany. His work, however, has so much refinement and warm generosity, and, moreover, it is so obviously sincere and so little ostentatious, that it was bound to have its effect on those avid for the new form as adumbrated by von Hildebrand.

The new sculpture is then reached, and the modernist manifestations from the classico-realistic to the cubist are exhibited, bringing an illuminating and authoritative book to a close—a book that is admirably produced, with sixty-eight fine half-tone illustrations and fourteen sculptors' drawings. From its perusal a reasoned and restrained idea of the aims of the advanced men in sculpture is obtainable. It costs about ten shillings.

K. P.



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE. BY HENRI ROUSSEAU.

From "Junge Kunst."

The New Art.

Junge Kunst. Leipzig: KLINKHARDT and BIERMANN.

There is very little chance in England of getting to know about the artists of the present generation who are responsible for what is vaguely known as modernist art. We have no series dealing with our own men, as they have in Paris even. In Germany, however, there is a series which includes all the new painters: Van Gogh, de Vlaminck, Derain, Cézanne, Henri Rousseau, Marie Laurencin, as well as all the German painters who belong to the movement. The series is called "Junge Kunst," and is published by Klinkhardt and Biermann, 2 Liebigstrasse, Leipzig. It already includes thirty-two issues, and it is intended for the general reader, and is popular in form and in price.

Each separate monograph has from thirty to fifty page illustrations. The arrangement of the books is admirably concise, and there is a biography, a critical notice, sometimes (as in the case of Van Gogh) some letters, sometimes (as in the case of Cézanne) a "palette," giving the painter's colours and colour-system! Often there is a list of authorities, and it is surprising to find how considerable a literature has grown around these exponents of the new art in a period of twenty years or so.

In so cheap a series it is exciting to find a coloured frontispiece, and a very good colour reproduction at that. There is, for instance, the "Sunflowers in an Earthenware Pot," by Van Gogh, a delightful naturalistic representation, which



CYPRESS WITH MOON AND STARS. BY VINCENT VAN GOGH.

From "Junge Kunst."



ABANDONED. BY M. KISLING.

From "Junge Kunst."

is supported in its style by many among the forty-eight illustrations given by the author, S. F. Hartlaub, of portraits, figure subjects, landscapes, interiors, and still-life, all conveniently dated from about 1881 to 1890.

A most charming painting of Cézanne's wife is reproduced in H. von Wedderkop's study of the artist, beautiful in draughtsmanship and colour, and several of Cézanne's pictures containing figures, such as the "St. Anthony," the "Bacchanal," and the "Bathing Place," will be very surprising to those who do not know them, while the "Card Players" will startle with its realism.

Although he has only recently been heard of in London, Henri Rousseau must be the oldest of the exponents of the new art, for he was born at Laval as long ago as 1844. He is the exponent of what has been irreverently but expressively called "the toybox school." The naïveté of his style forces the suggestion, and there is a great charm about it, to be seen in the picture-book-like coloured frontispiece, "Going for a Walk," and to be gathered

also from the extraordinarily simple elements shown in some of the other reproductions. Helmud Kolle is the author of the study of Rousseau. Karl Einstein's monograph on Kisling reveals an artist allied in spirit to Rousseau, but of a somewhat more sophisticated outlook; one who applies his colour patchesquely, not to say blottesquely, as Ruskin said—a style with which we are well acquainted in the London Group artists. Here we have cubes and squares, and rhomboids and oblongs of colour, projected also in the figure pictures, several examples of which are given.

In Walter Cohen's "August Macke" and Edwin Suermundt's "Heinrich Nauen" there are studies of out-and-out cubism such as have not yet been seen in London. It is combined with colour as vivid as Wolmark's, or Simon Bussy's, as may be seen in the frontispieces to each book. Both artists are largely concerned with figure-work, but Nauen has two or three landscapes illustrated, one of which happens to be an exquisite piece of naturalistic drawing. He combines nature with geometry. August Macke is the most uncompromising cubist of them all, but even he is represented by certain naturalistic portrait and still-life studies, as well as

by a remarkable woodcut somewhat reminiscent of Blake. These are the men represented in the latest half-dozen of the series to be published.

K. P.



LANDSCAPE. BY PAUL CÉZANNE.

From "Junge Kunst."



"OARE," PEWSEY, WILTS.

From "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors."

Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period and their Interior Adornment.

Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, 1750-1820, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors. By STANLEY C. RAMSEY, F.R.I.B.A., and J. D. M. HARVEY; with 40 Measured Drawings by J. D. M. HARVEY, and 50 photographs by F. R. YERBURY. 1923. London: The Architectural Press, 27-29 Tothill Street, Westminster. 13 x 9. 20 pp. 100 pls. £1 5s. net.

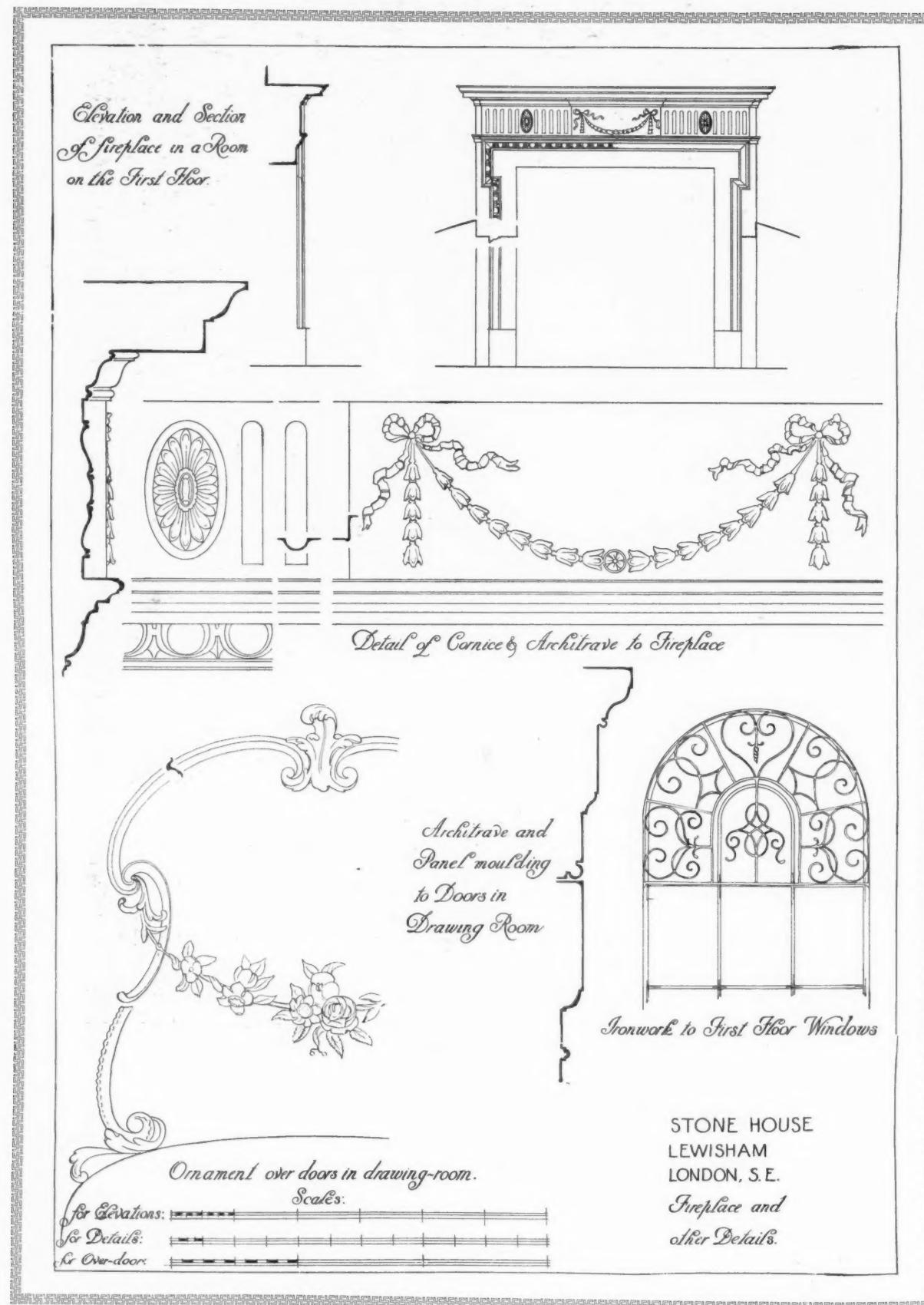
To-day there is little need to emphasize the importance of the smaller house, since we have good reason to deplore the passing of those periods of prosperity and lavish patronage, during which the greater town and country houses of England were conceived and carried into such splendid execution—periods, glorious in retrospect, in which architects, painters, sculptors, modellers, carvers, and cabinet-makers found the most ample scope for their respective talents.

In reviewing the nation's artistic patrimony it was proper, of course, that the Augustan periods, and the finest and most important examples in point of size and magnificence should first receive adequate recognition and appreciation, and that writers and critics should concentrate, in the first instance, upon houses of considerable architectural pretension. The early

formative periods, the monumental houses, the foremost architects, and the princes of craftsmanship, having found their historians and biographers, it has been left to Mr. Ramsey, himself an architect of distinction, to direct belated attention, in these two volumes of "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period," to an admirable series of lesser buildings, which have hitherto escaped the recognition to which their merits entitle them.

These minor examples of English domestic architecture and decoration will be found, upon examination, to possess many admirable qualities in common with their more monumental progenitors, and to have, in addition, or perhaps in a greater and more intimate degree, the virtue of being eminently home-like and comfortable. Asgill House, at Richmond, for instance, is rightly characterized by Mr. Ramsey as a capital example of the small house, treated in a broad and generous manner, and pervaded with an air of patrician distinction, while throughout these two volumes will be found many dignified habitations triumphantly conjured out of the simplest elements and within the most limited compass—such is the art of the architect, as distinguished from mere building.

That accomplished architect, Sir Robert Taylor, was responsible for Asgill House, but what small town house could



A FIREPLACE, AND DETAILS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, STONE HOUSE, LEWISHAM.

Measured and Drawn by J. D. M. Harvey.

From "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors."



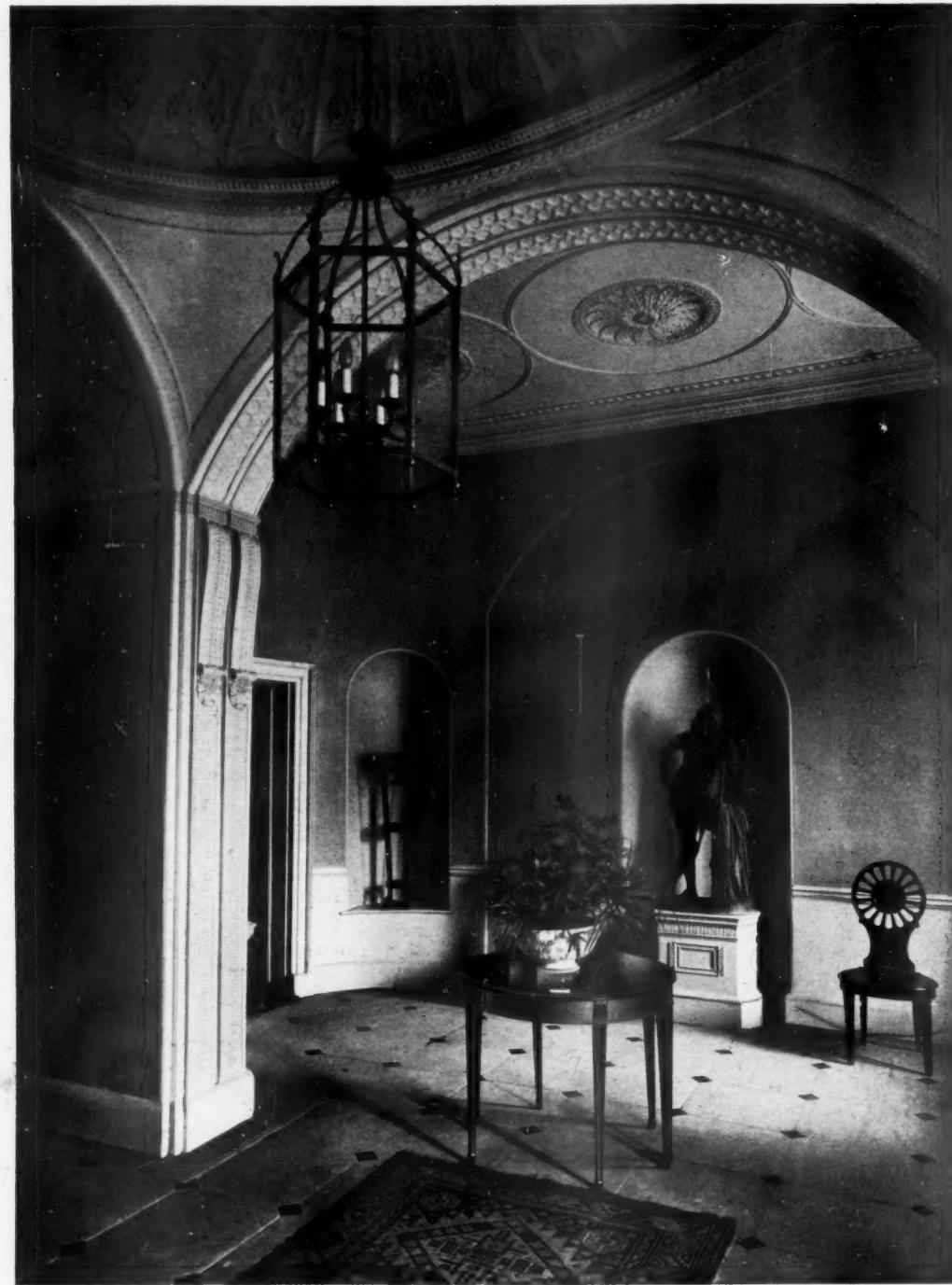
END BAY OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, STONE HOUSE, LEWISHAM, LONDON.

From "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors."

possess more architectural character, both without and within, than No. 1 Bedford Square, the dignified entrance hall of which is illustrated on page 182, yet Thomas Leverton, the designer of this delightful house, is far from being numbered among the hierarchy of his profession.

A house known as "The Wick," on the summit of Richmond Hill, appearing in the illustrations, is another flawless gem of minor English domestic architecture, which will be familiar to many who have contemplated, with sensations of uncommon

gratification, that typical English scene, the exquisite prospect of the Thames, which can be commanded from its windows and from the public terrace adjacent. It has been freely stated that "The Wick" was designed by Sir William Chambers, who is known to have designed a villa for Sir Joshua Reynolds near this spot, but as Mr. Ramsey makes no mention of "The Wick" in remarking upon the paucity of smaller houses attributable to Sir William Chambers, the tradition which connects his name with this admirable little building has perhaps been disproved.



ENTRANCE HALL, No. 1 BEDFORD SQUARE.

Thomas Leverton, Architect.

From "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors."

Who were the designers of many of the houses included in these volumes is not likely to be known. Doubtless certain of them, and particularly those of timber construction, weather-boarded externally, originated from one or other of the numerous pattern-books—the "Builder's Bench Mates" and "British Palladios"—current in Late Georgian days; these pattern books, it has been remarked, had a wide circulation at the time, and partly account for the correct proportion and excellent detail encountered in the vernacular architecture of the eighteenth

century. Such pattern-books, we know, were largely responsible for that admirable phase of English architecture which, "when carried oversea, and translated into Colonial terms, took so kindly to its new climate" in America.

The period covered by these two volumes, 1750-1820, if allowance be made for a preliminary decade, is coincident with the long reign of George the Third, and embraces the later careers of Sir Robert Taylor, James Paine, and John Carr of York, and wholly those of Sir William Chambers, the Adam brothers,



Photo: E. Pockree.

CHIMNEY-PIECE FROM A HOUSE IN HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

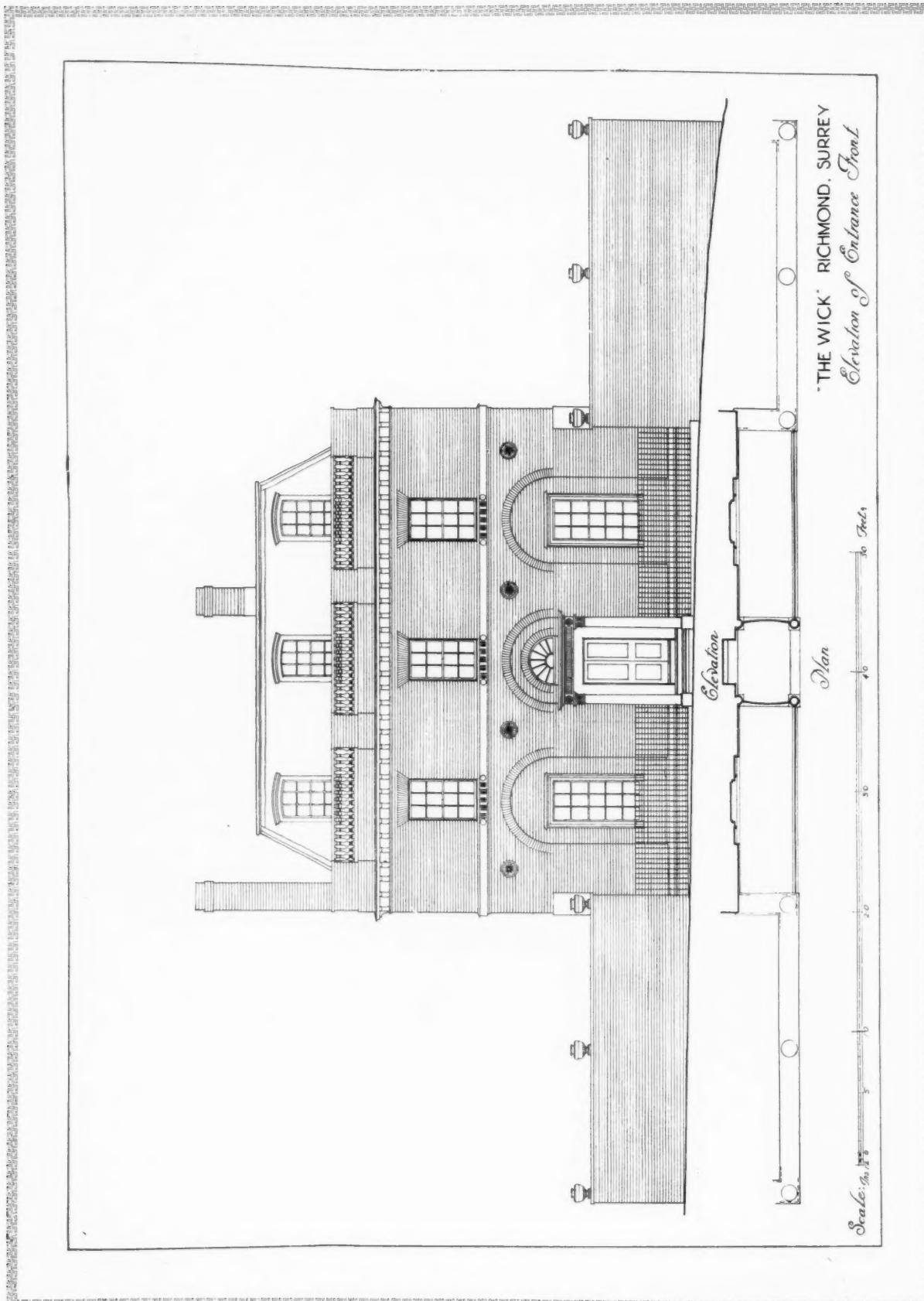
From "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period, Vol. II.—Details and Interiors."

Samuel Wyatt, Thomas Cooley, James Gandon, Thomas Leverton, and Robert Furze Brettingham. It is true that few of the architects mentioned were actually concerned to any great extent with minor examples of domestic architecture, but it is to their influence, both in precept and practice, that the high standard attained in contemporary building is to be attributed, and to the artists and craftsmen actively employed upon their buildings is due the general excellence of design and manipulative skill observable in the applied and industrial arts at this period. As Mr. Ramsey remarks in his introduction, "if these smaller people, working out of the limelight and far from the plaudits of the great lords and ladies who patronized the famous artists, did not achieve for themselves any great personal or individual distinction, it is certain that by their united efforts

they formed a great tradition of sound and beautiful building, the full significance of which we are only just beginning to appreciate."

The forty measured drawings by Mr. J. D. M. Harvey accompanying this second volume of "Small Houses of the Late Georgian Period"—no light achievement for a single pair of hands—are excellent specimens of draughtsmanship, well reproduced, which admirably supplement Mr. F. R. Yerbury's delightful photographs. It is evident to the most casual observer that in late years, both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, a renewed and vigorous interest is being taken in the houses and furniture of the late-eighteenth century, an interest which the examples shown in these volumes will do much to stimulate and develop.

INGLESON C. GOODISON.



"THE WICK," RICHMOND, SURREY.

Measured and Drawn by J. B. Morris.